

GOLD  
KEY

CAVE KIDS

GE

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# CAVE KIDS

with PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM





# CAVE KIDS

HO-HUM!

ZZZZ





Hanna-Barbera  
**CAVE KIDS**

# THE GREAT GROTTO-POTAMUS BATTLE

LEMONADE FOR SALE!  
LEMONADE!

AWK! LOOK, KIDS... OUR PROFITS ARE  
BEING DRAINED-OFF BY A SNEAKY  
SNOOT-A-SAURUS!



SCAT... YOU NOZZLE-NOSED LONGFELLOW!

BEAT IT,  
DRIZZLEPUSS!

SHOO, YOU!



YOW! ABOUT  
FACE!



NOW AN ANTEATER IS  
GUZZLING OUR LEMONADE!

SHLOORP!



IF IT'S NOT ONE  
BEAST IN OUR BREW,  
IT'S ANOTHER!

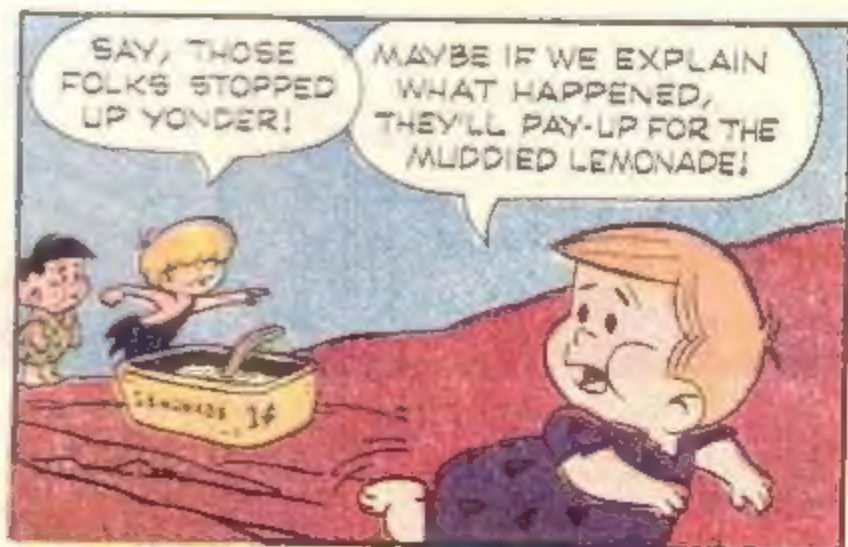
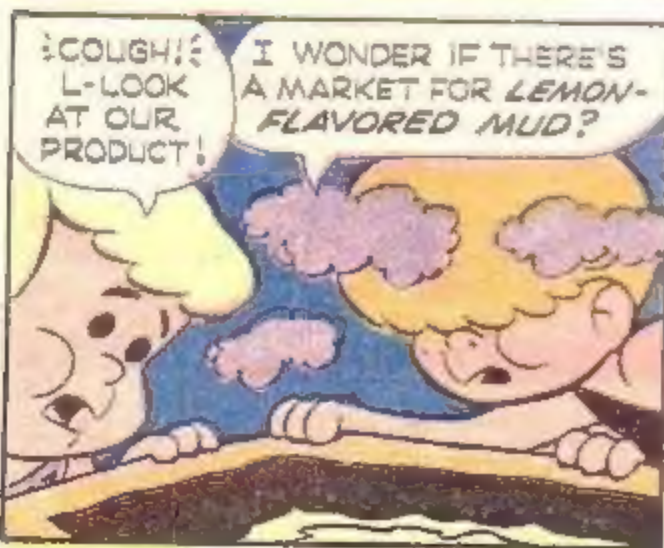
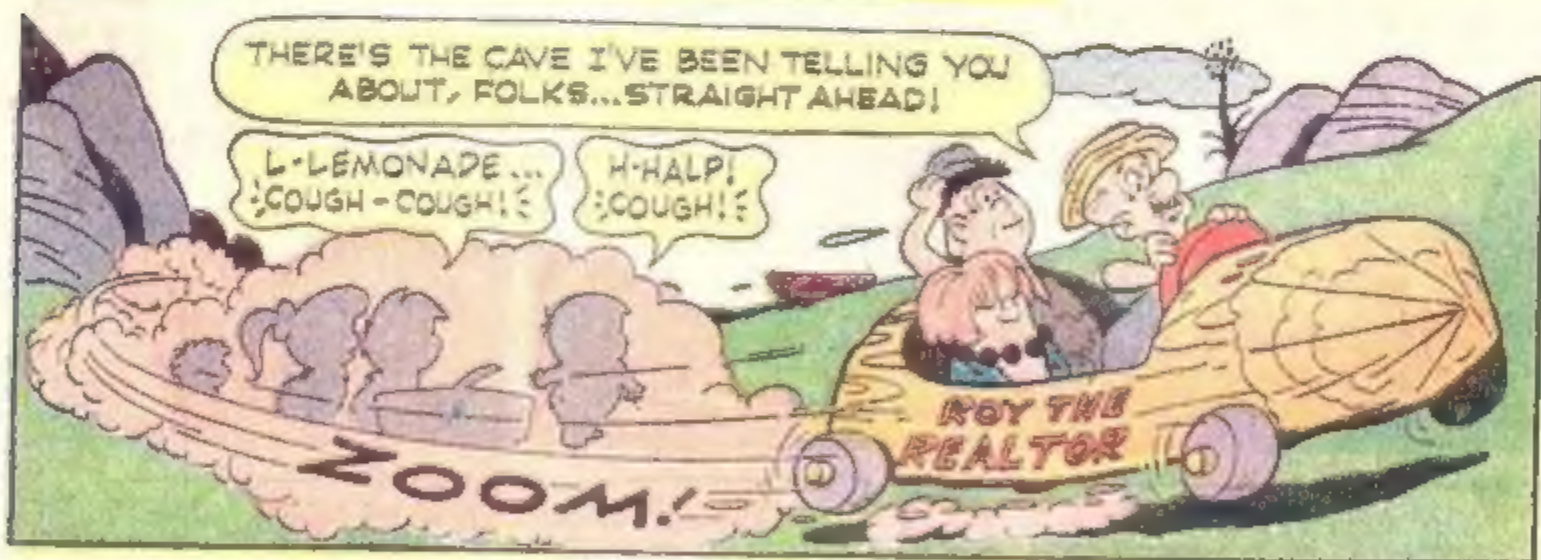
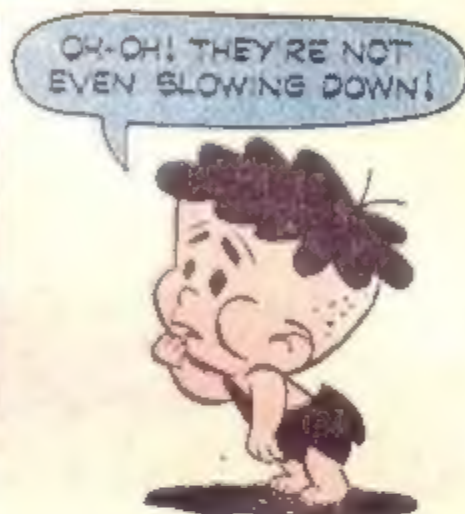
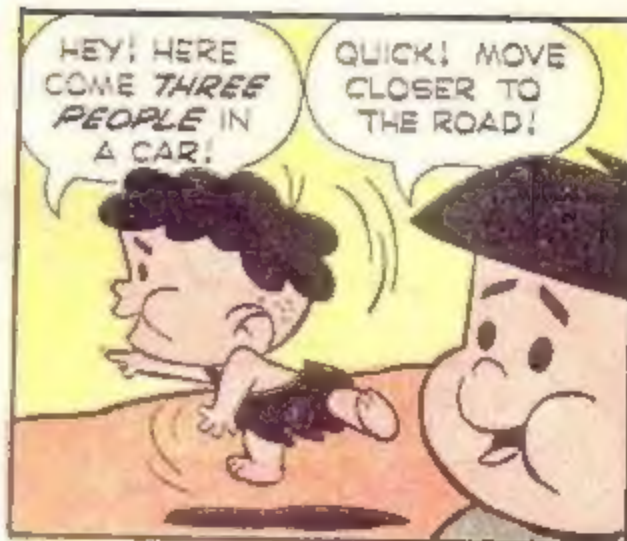
HOW MUCH MONEY  
HAVE WE MADE SO FAR,  
ANYWAY?



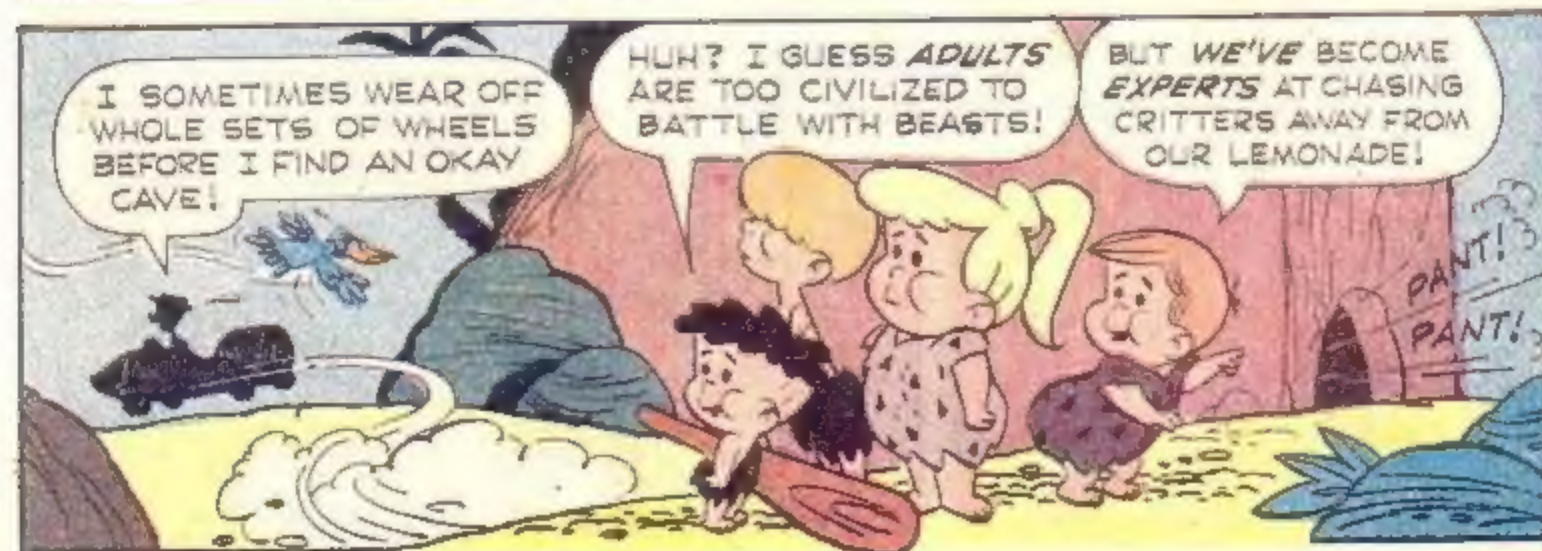
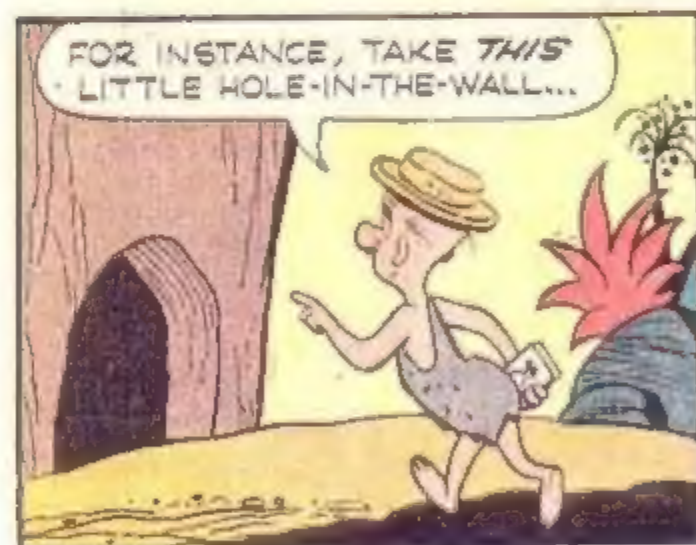
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York.  
CAVE KIDS, No. 12, March, 1968. Published quarterly by K.K. Publications, Inc., Poughkeepsie, New York. Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 45c per year; foreign subscriptions 75c per year; Canadian subscriptions 60c per year. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Designed, produced and printed in the U.S.A. by Western Printing and Lithographing Company. Copyright © 1965, by Hanna-Barbera Productions, Inc.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us four weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.











C'MON! LET'S SHOO THE BIG BREATHER OUT OF THIS CAVE!

PANT!  
PANT!

HMM...NOT QUITE  
SO LOUD IN *HERE!*

PANT!  
PANT!

SAY, THE *PANTS* ARE GETTING  
SMALLER ALL THE TIME!

...AND SO IS  
THE CAVE!

PANT!  
PANT!  
PANT!

PANT!  
PANT!

PANT!  
PANT!

WELL, I'LL BE BASHED...  
IT'S ONLY A LITTLE OL'  
*MICRO-SAURUS!*

PANT!  
PANT!

HIS BREATHING WAS MAGNIFIED LIKE  
TALK THROUGH A MEGAPHONE!

IN THIS INSTANCE,  
A MEGATUNNEL!

SO LONG,  
SHORTY!

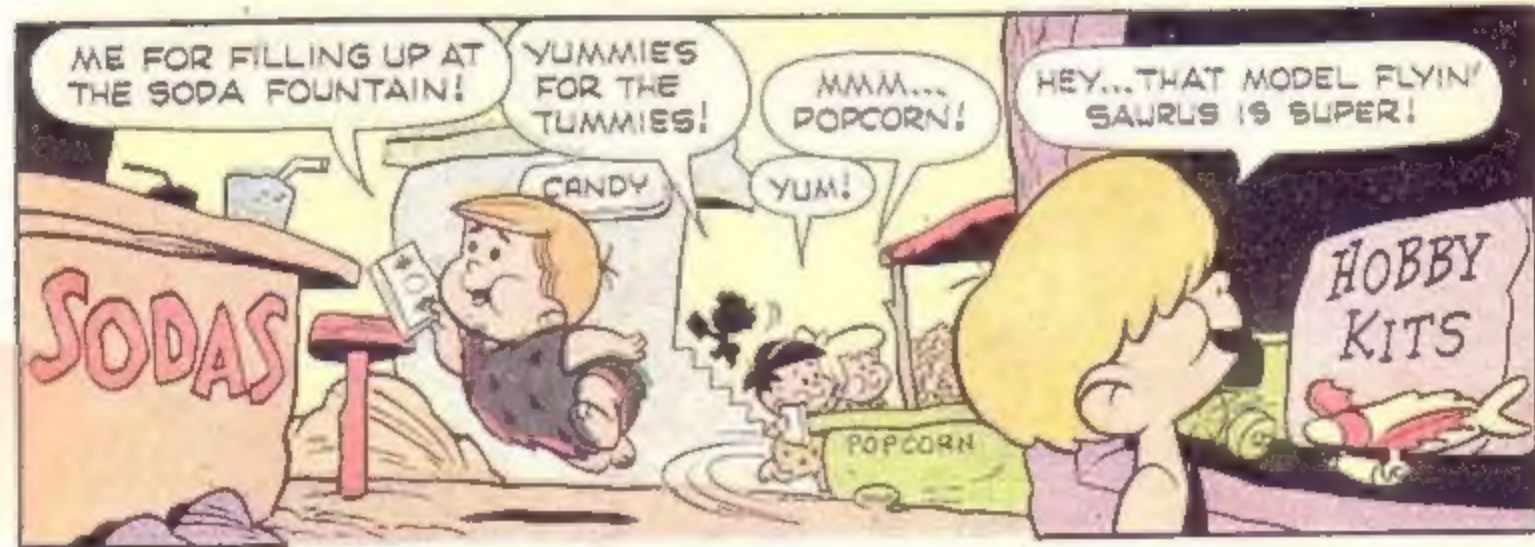
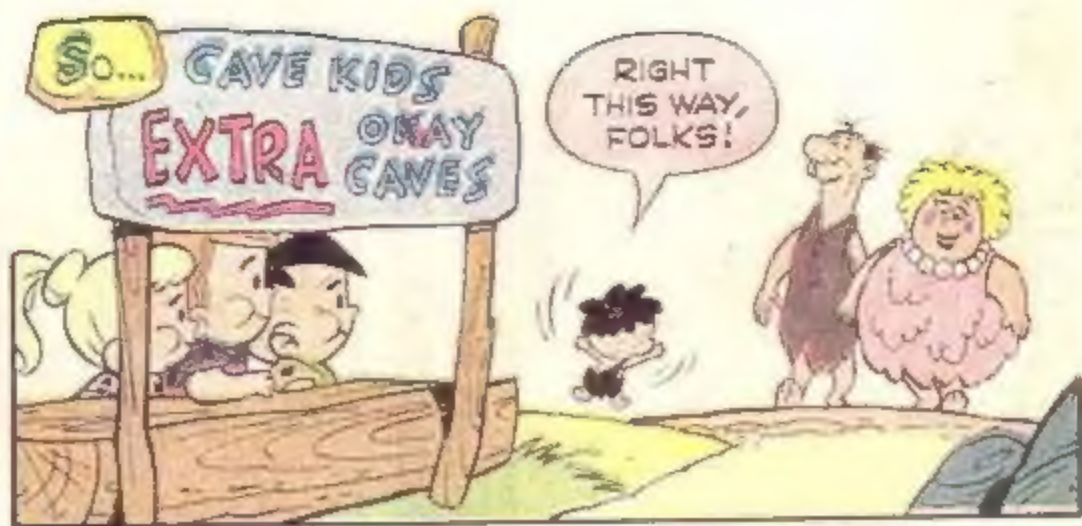
OH, BOY!  
LOOK WHAT  
ELSE IS  
IN THIS  
CAVE!

ER... HOW  
MANY LEGS  
DOES IT  
HAVE?

NONE, SILLY! BUT IT  
HAS A HOT AND COLD  
BATH CAVERN!

I GUESS THIS  
IS WHAT YOU  
CALL A *GROTTO!*





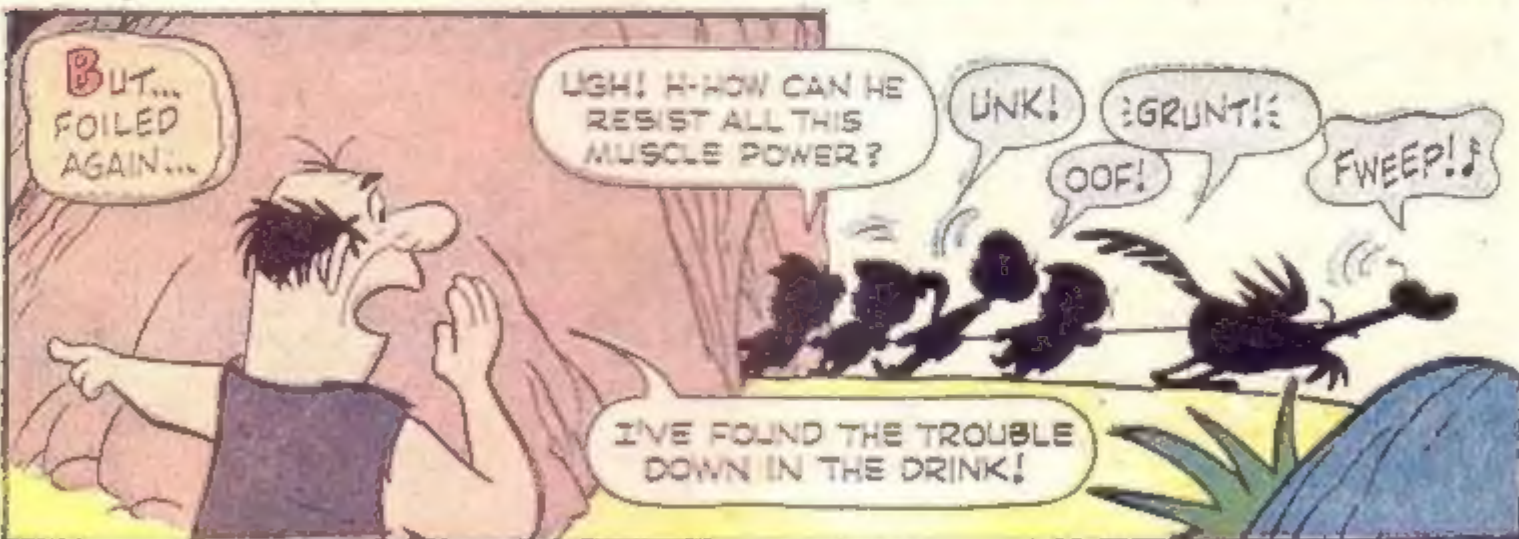














SMASH!

CRASH! BONK!

THONK!

BASH!

LOOK...WE WANT OUR  
MONEY BACK, NOW! IT'S  
PLAIN TO SEE YOU'LL  
NEVER BUDGE THAT BEAST!

ER... I'VE SPENT  
ALL OF MY SHARE!

ME,  
TOO!

HEY! SALLY STILL HAS  
MOST OF HER DOLLAR!

YC\_ THE GO-TA REF\_10  
-10- THE FOLKS SAY.

SEMI WAS THIRTY  
AND BOLD-TORN THAT  
I COULD POP FOR  
A SELF. SUN...

POP  
CORN

I JUST GOT A  
**BRAIN STORM!**

SALLY  
CARROLL

HERE, I AM A  
"REAL" FRIEND.

THEY ARE ALL THAT  
INTERNAL POPPING REALLY  
HAS IN A FEELING.

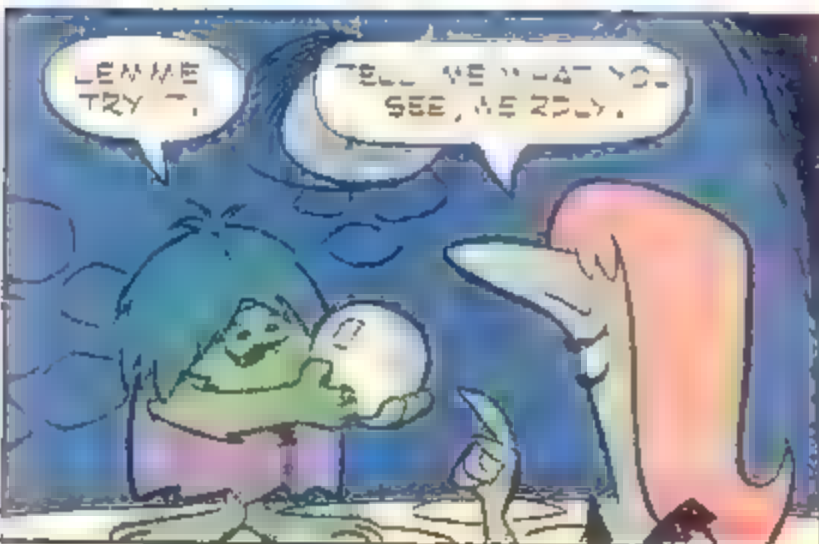
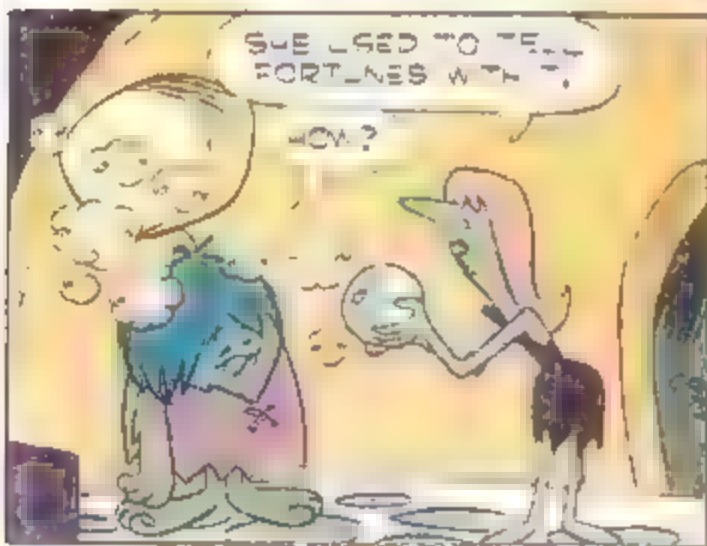
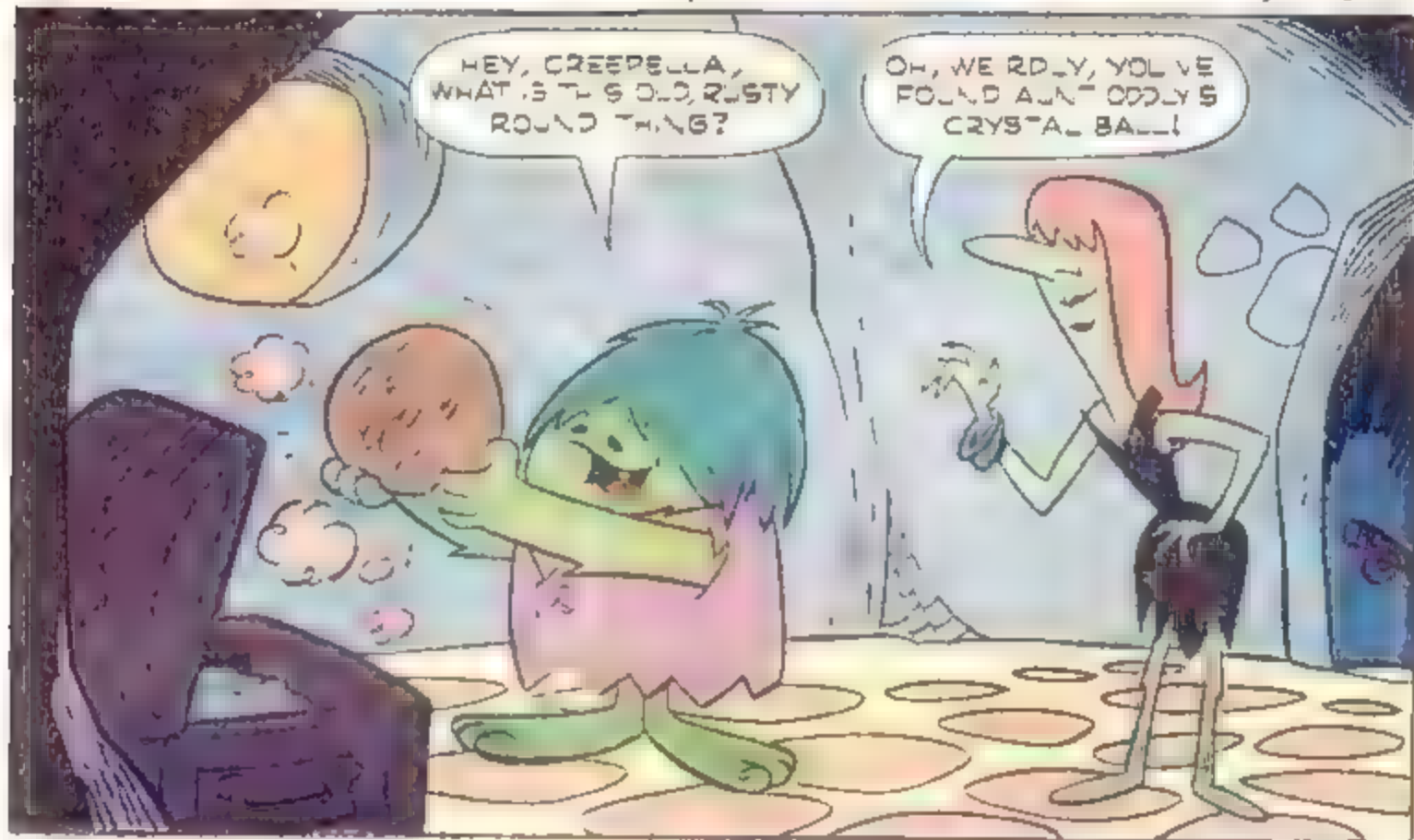
SQUEAWRK!!







# THAT'S THE WAY THE CRYSTAL BALL BOUNCES





LEMMIE OUT OF HERE...  
IT'S AWFUL... I NEVER  
SHOULD HAVE TRIED IT.

W-A-  
DID YOL SEE,  
WE RDLY?

THESE

KEEP AWAY FROM ME. I  
CAN'T STAND THE THOUGHT.

WHAT WAS  
DEAR?

I SAW MY OWN FACE  
REFLECTED A.T. SHLDDER.

NOW LET ME TRY IT! AH! I SEE A LOT  
OF MONEY IN YOUR FUTURE WE RDLY.

NO FOOLIN' ?  
THAT'S MUCH  
BETTER.

YOU ARE GOING  
TO TAKE A TRIP,  
YOU'LL BE GONE  
A MONTH AND  
COME BACK CONTACT  
WITH LOTS OF  
MONEY, AND  
THE LAW!

WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING,  
WE RDLY?

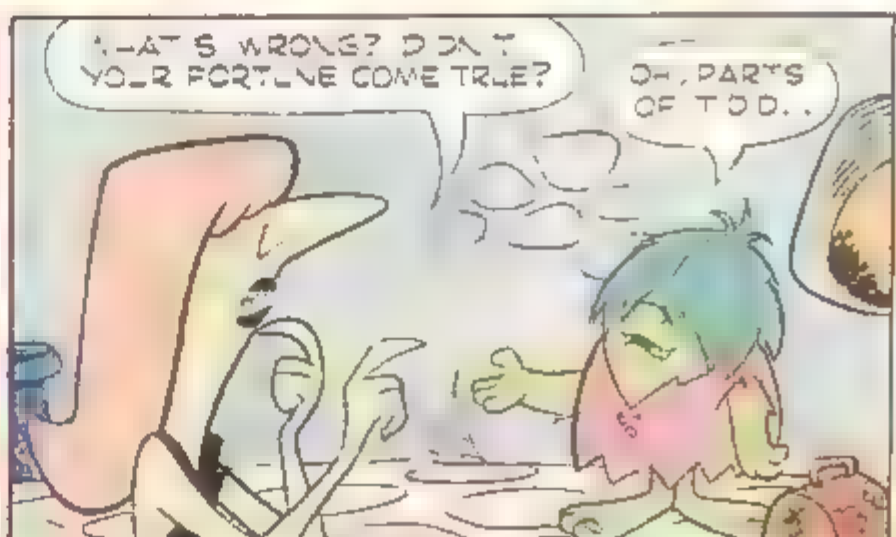
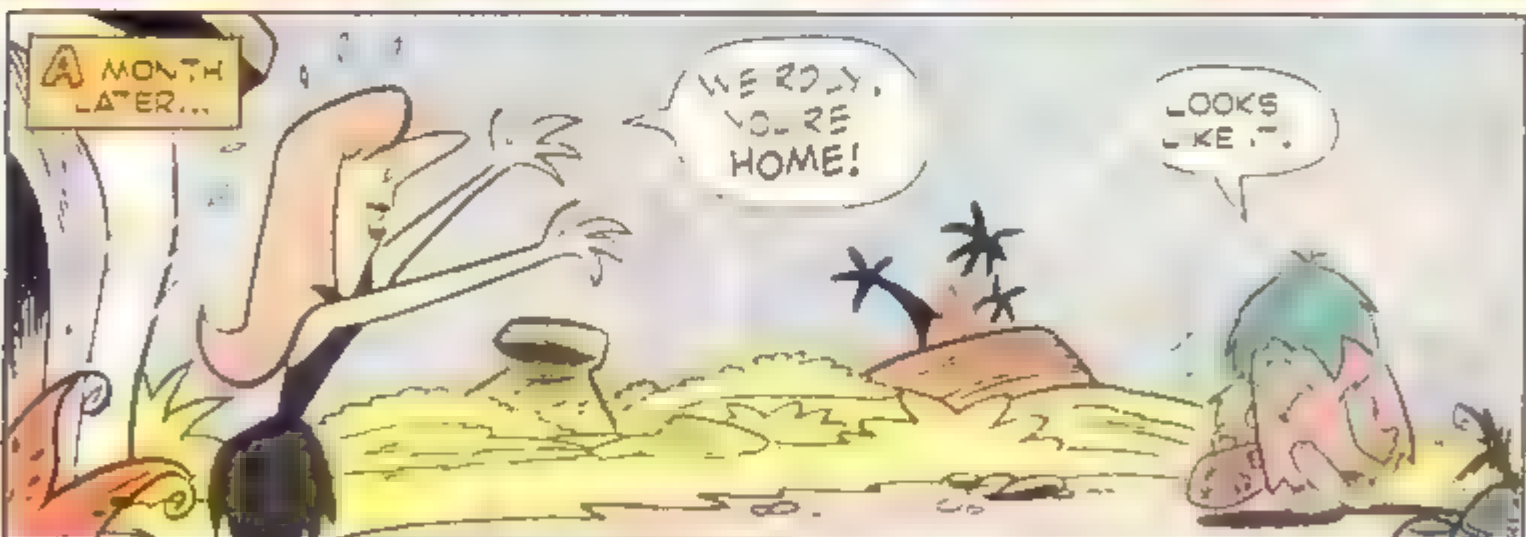
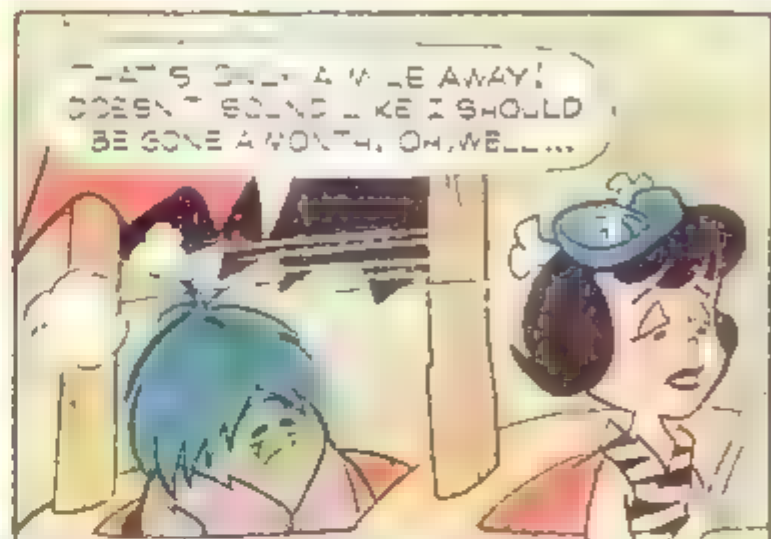
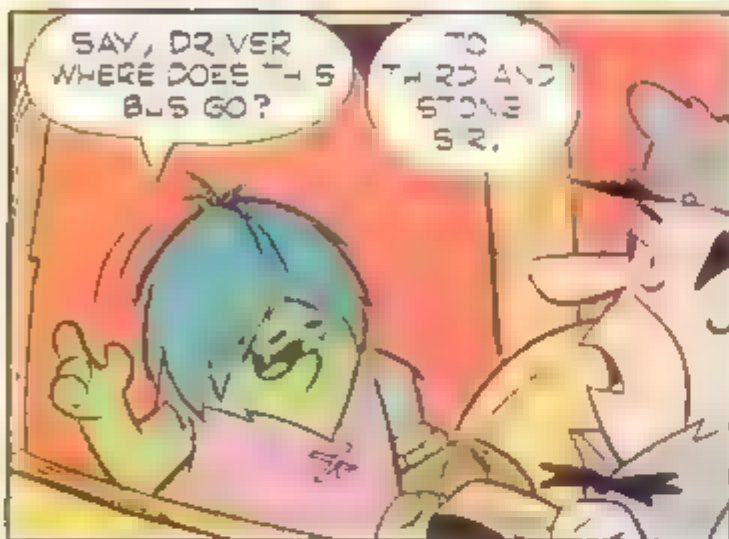
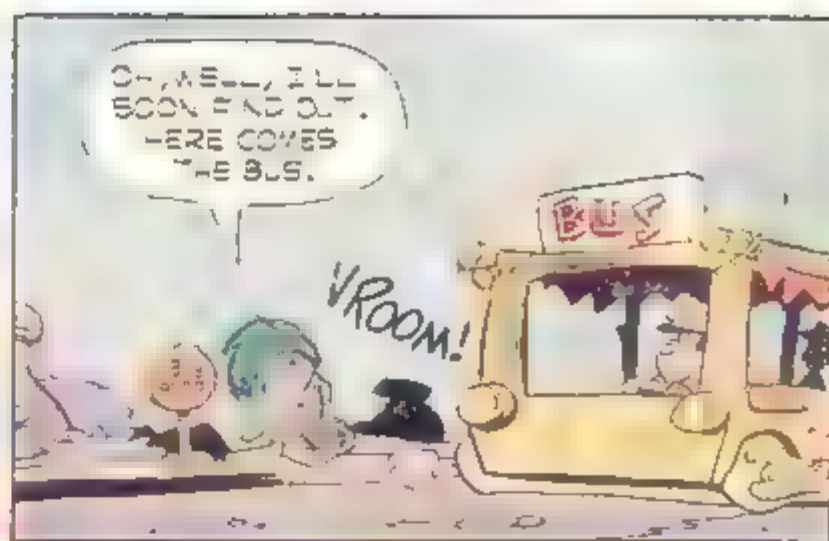
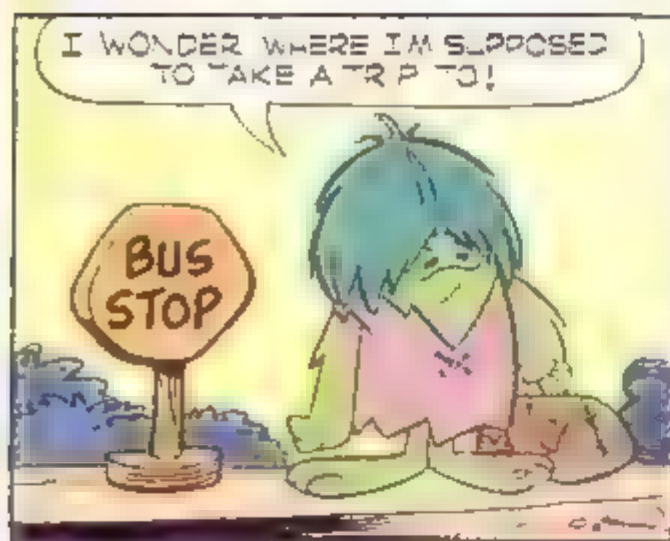
I'M  
GONNA GET  
PACKED.

AND...

SO LONG, CREEPELLA,  
I'LL BE ON MY WAY, NOW.

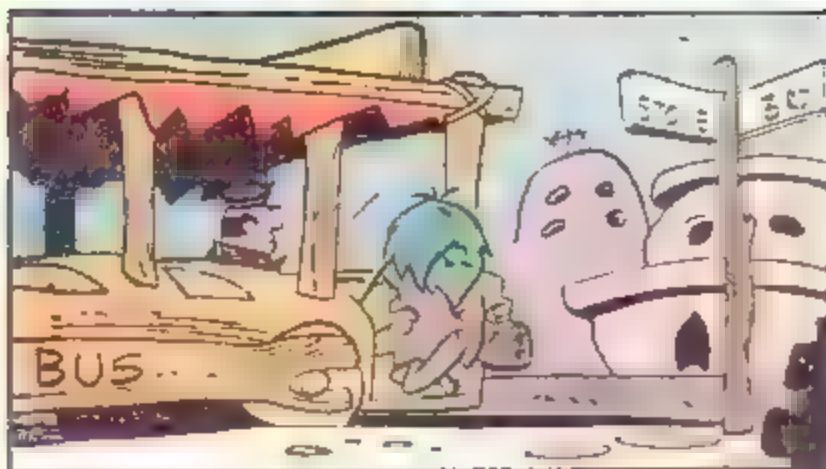
SO FAR, THE  
PREDICTION  
IS TRUE.



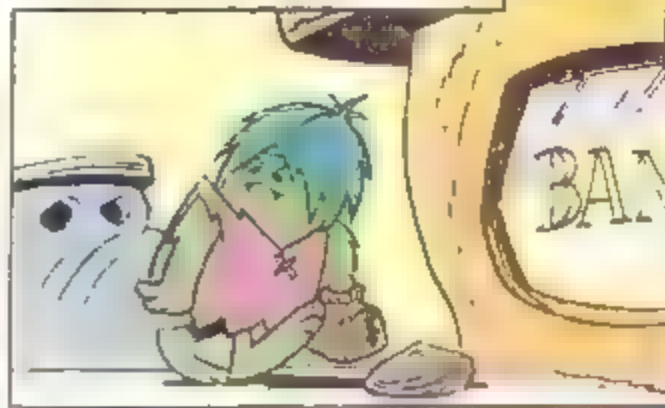




"I GOT OFF THE BUS AT THIRD AND STONE..."



THEN I STARTED LOOKING FOR THE MONEY I WAS TO COME IN CONTACT WITH...



"I TRIPPED ON A ROCK..."



FELL THROUGH THE BANK WINDOW...



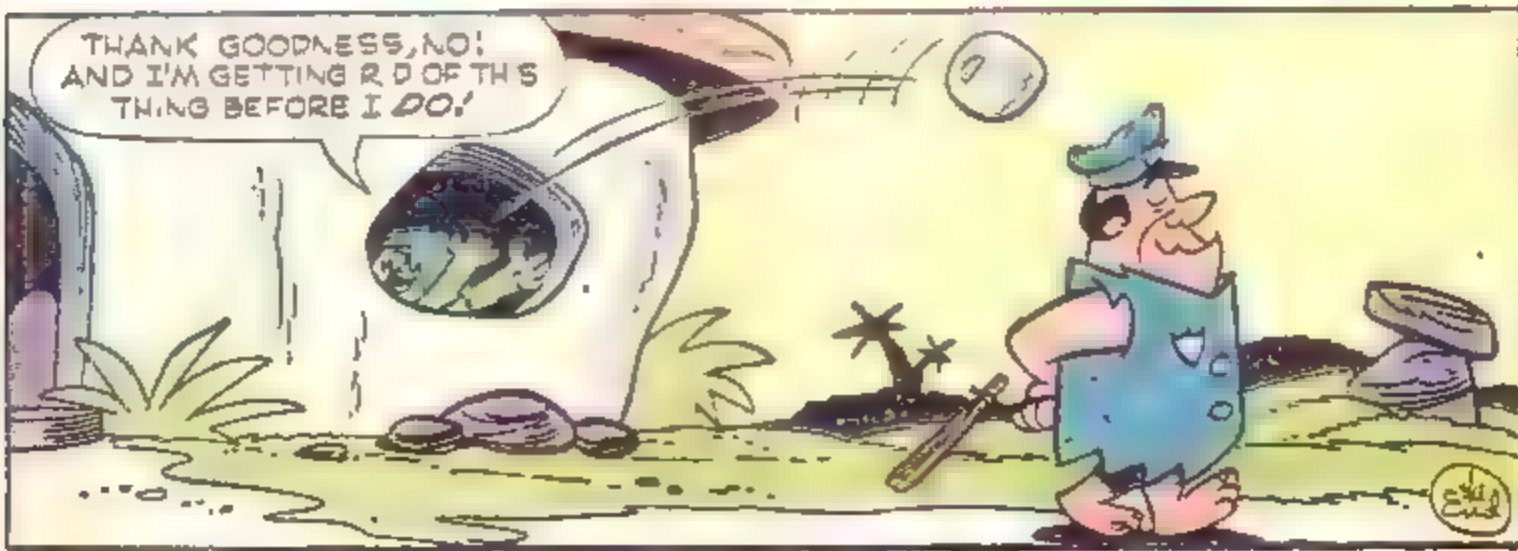
"AND CAME IN CONTACT WITH A LOT OF MONEY..."



THEN, I SPENT A MONTH IN THE HOSPITAL, RECOVERING.



THANK GOODNESS, NO! AND I'M GETTING RID OF THIS THING BEFORE I DO!





## A cartoon illustration featuring two dogs. On the right, a large, light-colored dog is sitting on a toilet, looking down with a sad or thoughtful expression. On the left, a smaller, darker-colored dog is standing at a white pedestal sink, looking up at the larger dog. Above the dogs, the words "DO OR DIET" are written in a large, bold, black, hand-drawn font. The background is a simple, light-colored wall with a tiled pattern.

One morning Doggie Daddy stepped on the bathroom scales to check his weight. The dial swung up and up and up!

"Blubbering blubber!" he exclaimed. "I gained TEN POUNDS since last week!"

"Maybe there's something wrong with the scales, Dear Dad!" suggested Augie.

"They're brand new, and they worked fine last week!" replied Dad, patting his tummy with a worried look. "I've just got to take off some weight!"

"But you look fine to me, Precious Pop. You're not fat at all!" said Augie.

"Oh, you're just prejudiced, dear son of mine!" smiled his dad. "But I'm determined to take off that ten pounds, as of now!"

"How, Sagacious Sire?" asked Augie

"By diet and exercise!" vowed Dad. "I am cutting down on my food and will build up on my exercise!"

So, before breakfast, Doggie Daddy d.d a few fast laps around the block. Then he d.d some push-ups and knee bends.

And, for breakfast, all he had was a piece of dry toast. Augie usually had bacon and eggs, cereal, toast, orange juice and milk, but he couldn't eat while his dad went hungry. So all he had was a piece of dry toast, too.

Next morning, Doggie Daddy weighed himself on the scales, but to his surprise he had not lost a single pound.

"This can't be!" he cried. "I guess I'll have to exercise more and eat even less."

That day he did exercise more and eat even less. So did Augie!

That night, poor Augie was so hungry he couldn't sleep. As he lay awake, he heard a noise in his dad's room. Augie got up and saw his dad walking down the hall. He was

going to call out, but he noticed that his father had a strange, faraway look in his eyes. He was walking in his sleep.

Augie watched in amazement as his dad went to the refrigerator, helped himself to a whole plate of food, gobbled it down, and went back to bed.

"So that's it," thought Alg e. "No wonder he hasn't been losing any weight."

But what was Augie to do? He didn't want to tell Doggie Daddy he was sleepwalking, for fear of upsetting him. Then he got an idea. He would put a lock on the refrigerator at night. If Dad couldn't eat he would certainly lose weight!

The next night, Doggie Daddy went to the refrigerator. He tried to get in but he could not. Instead of going back to bed, he walked out the front door and down the street toward an all night hamburger stand. Augie followed, not daring to awaken his sleepwalking sire.

Doggie Daddy ordered six hamburgers and gobbled them down. He then started to walk back home, but the proprietor grabbed him.

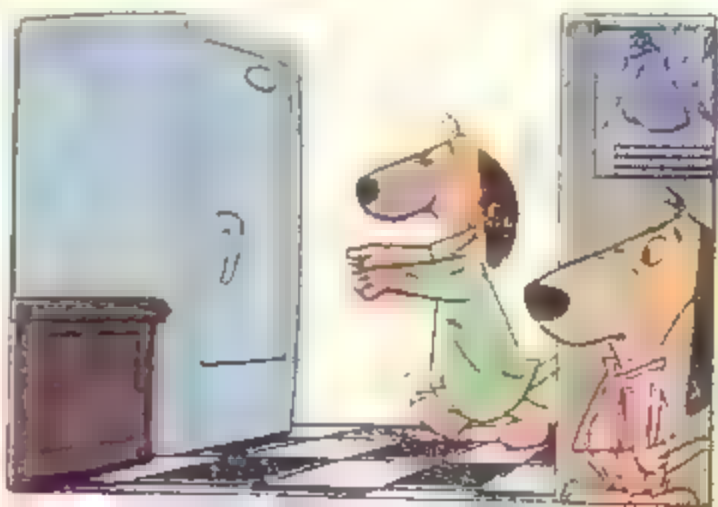
"Hold it, buster!" he snapped. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Doggie Daddy blinked his eyes. "Wh-where am I?" he faltered.

Well, he soon found out where he was when he paid for the hamburgers! Later at home, he found out something else—the scales were wrong. He wasn't overweight after all.

The next morning at breakfast, Doggie Daddy remarked between mouthfuls of hot food, "I'm glad those scales were off! I'm

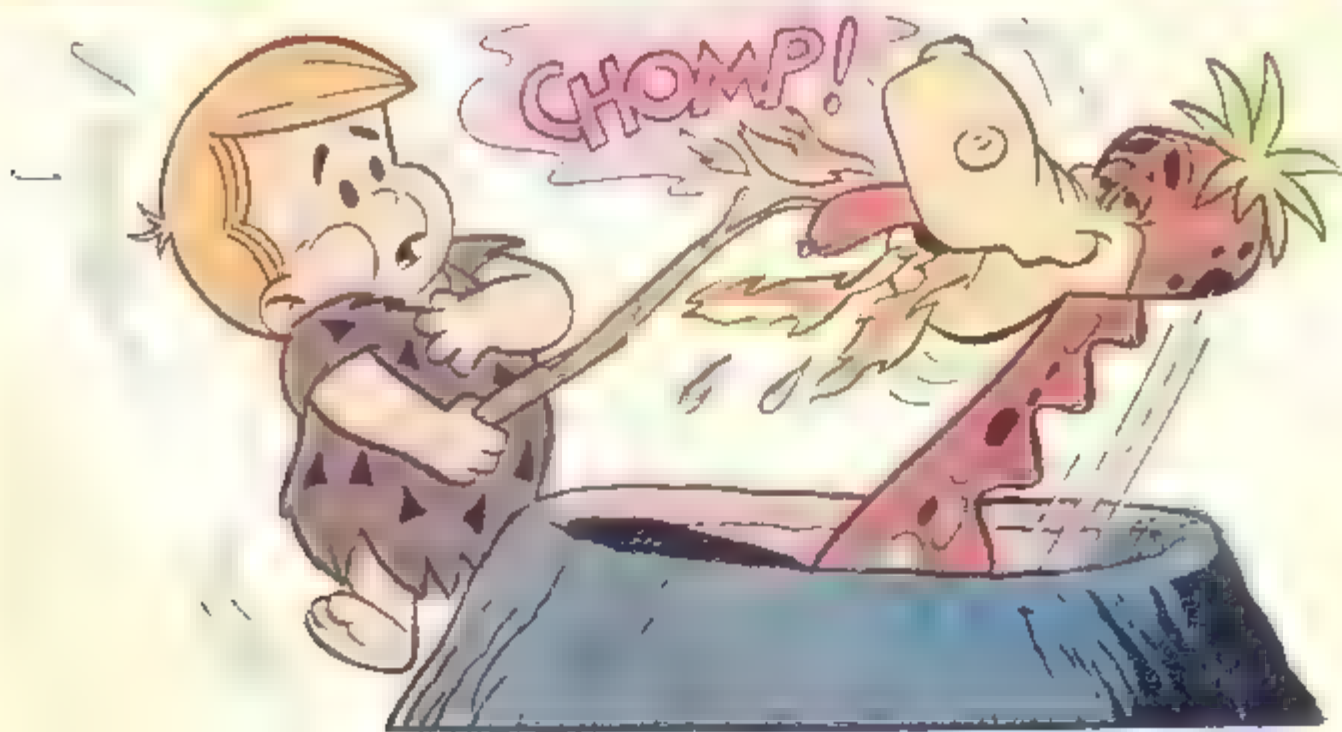
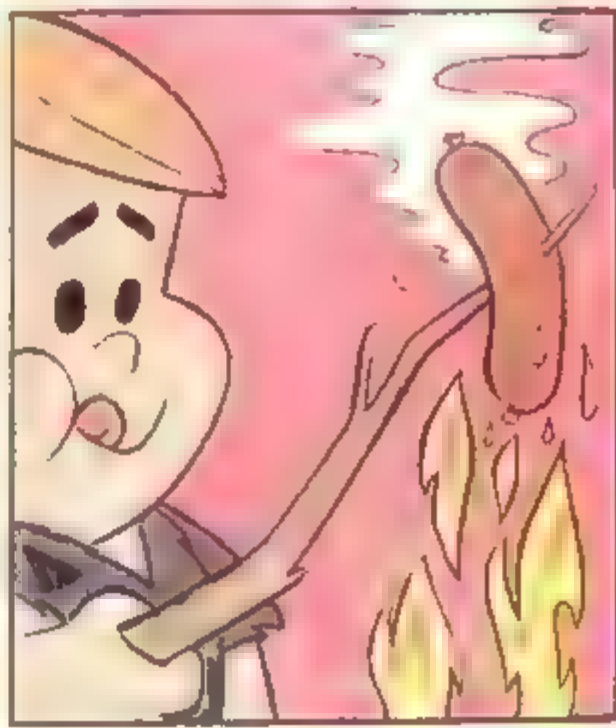
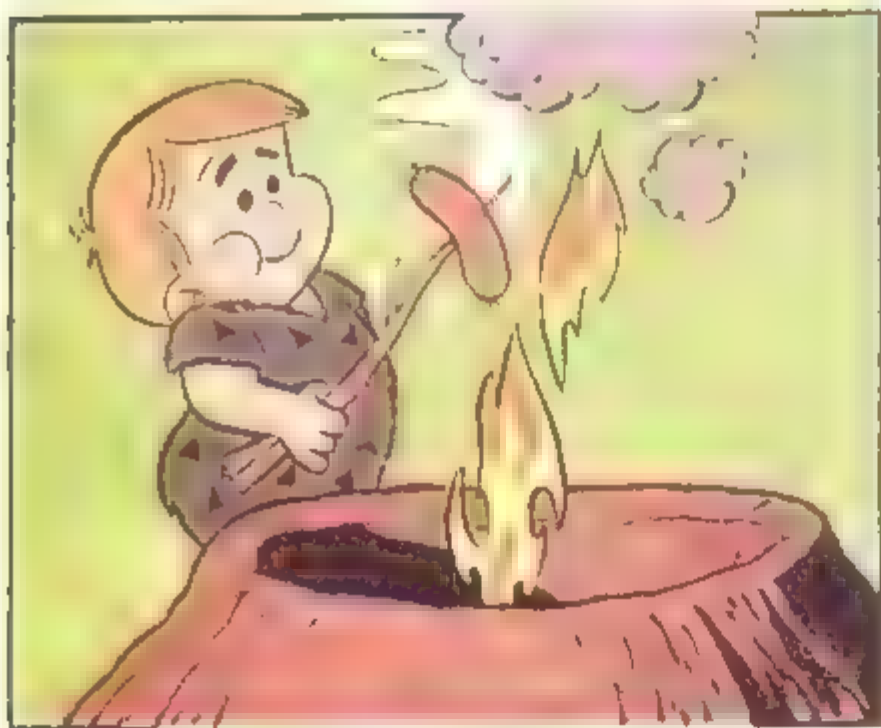
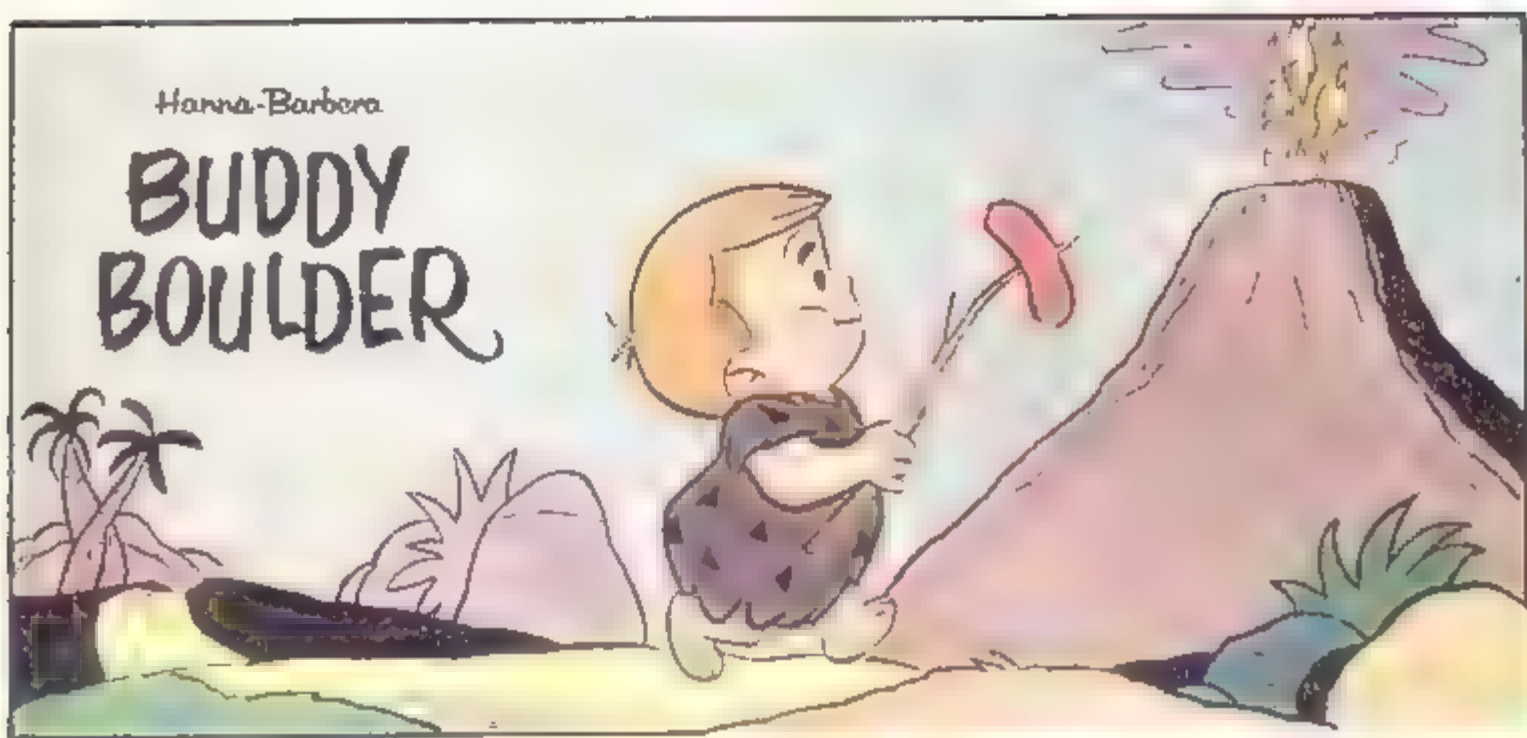
Dad!" replied Augie.  
"Are hot cakes! I've  
a long to do!"





Hanna-Barbera

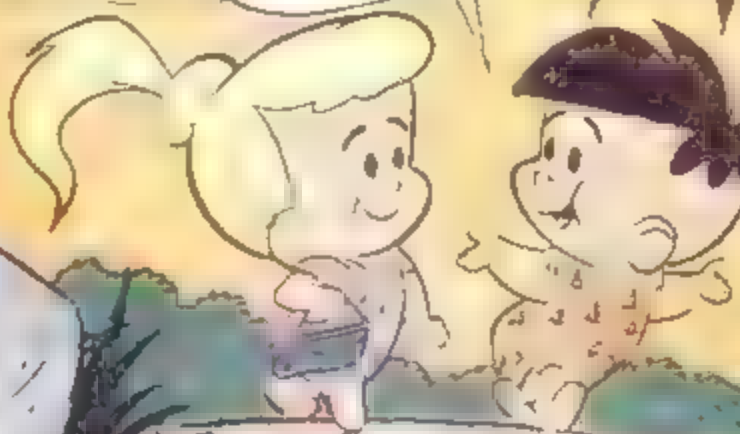
# BUDDY BOULDER



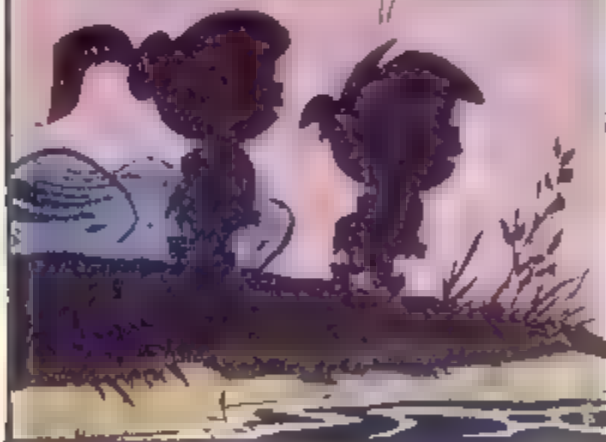


# SANDY and SALLY STONE

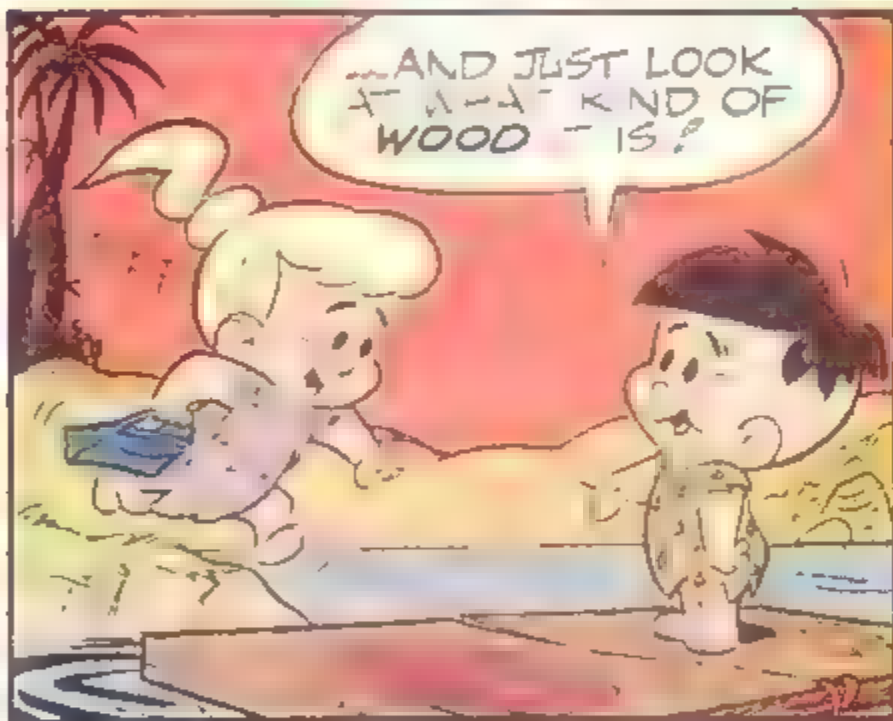
I'VE JUST BUILT  
THE NEATEST  
RAFT AFLOAT,  
SALLY!



IT'S NAILED TOGETHER  
WITH TACKOSAURUS  
TEETH... WATERPROOFED  
WITH BEESWAX...

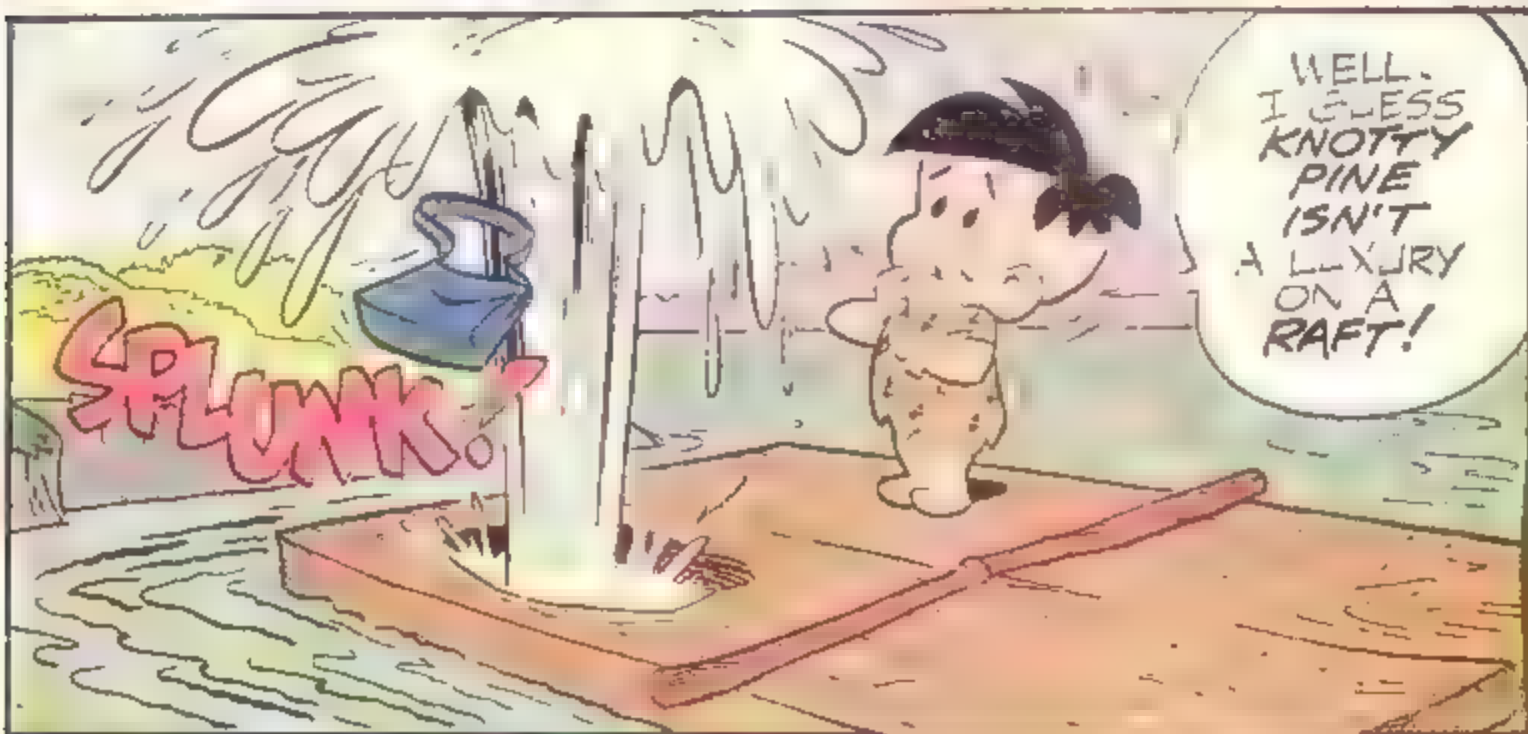


—AND JUST LOOK  
AT A—A—KIND OF  
WOOD — IS!



WELL,  
I GUESS  
KNOTTY  
PINE  
ISN'T  
A LUXURY  
ON A  
RAFT!

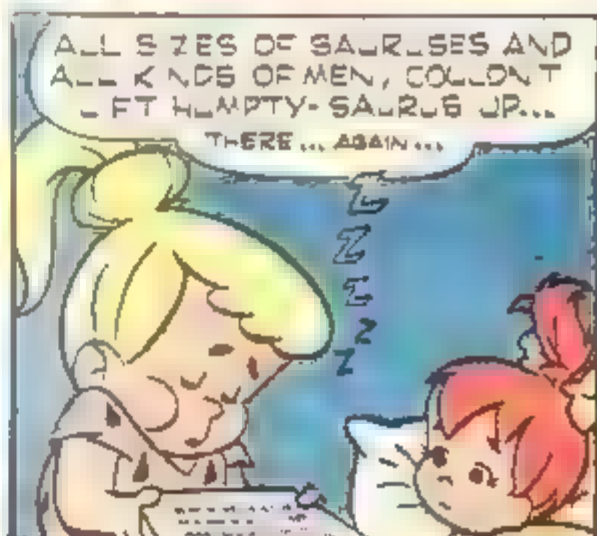
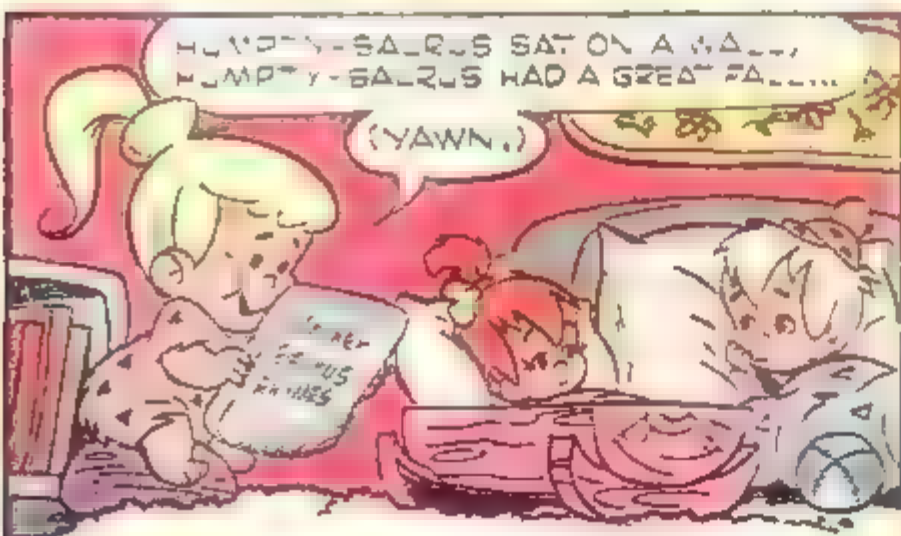
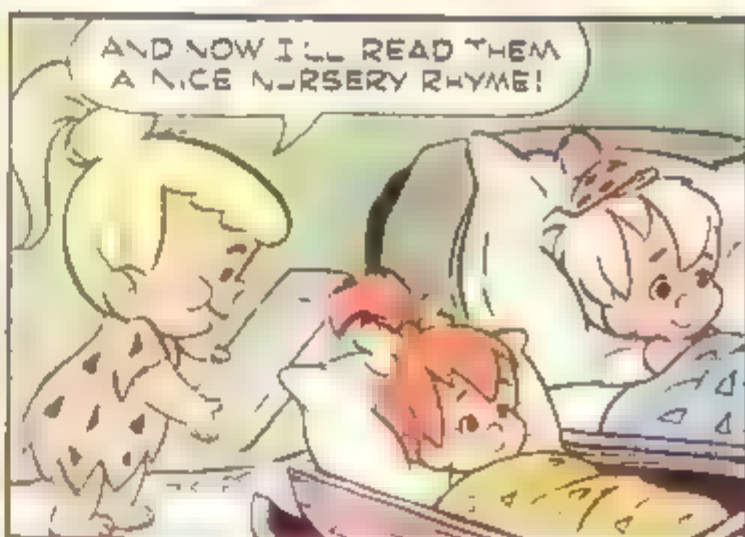
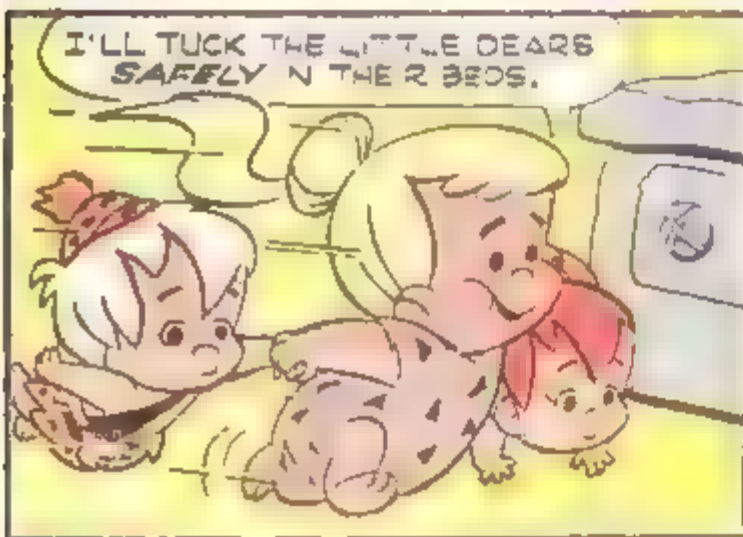
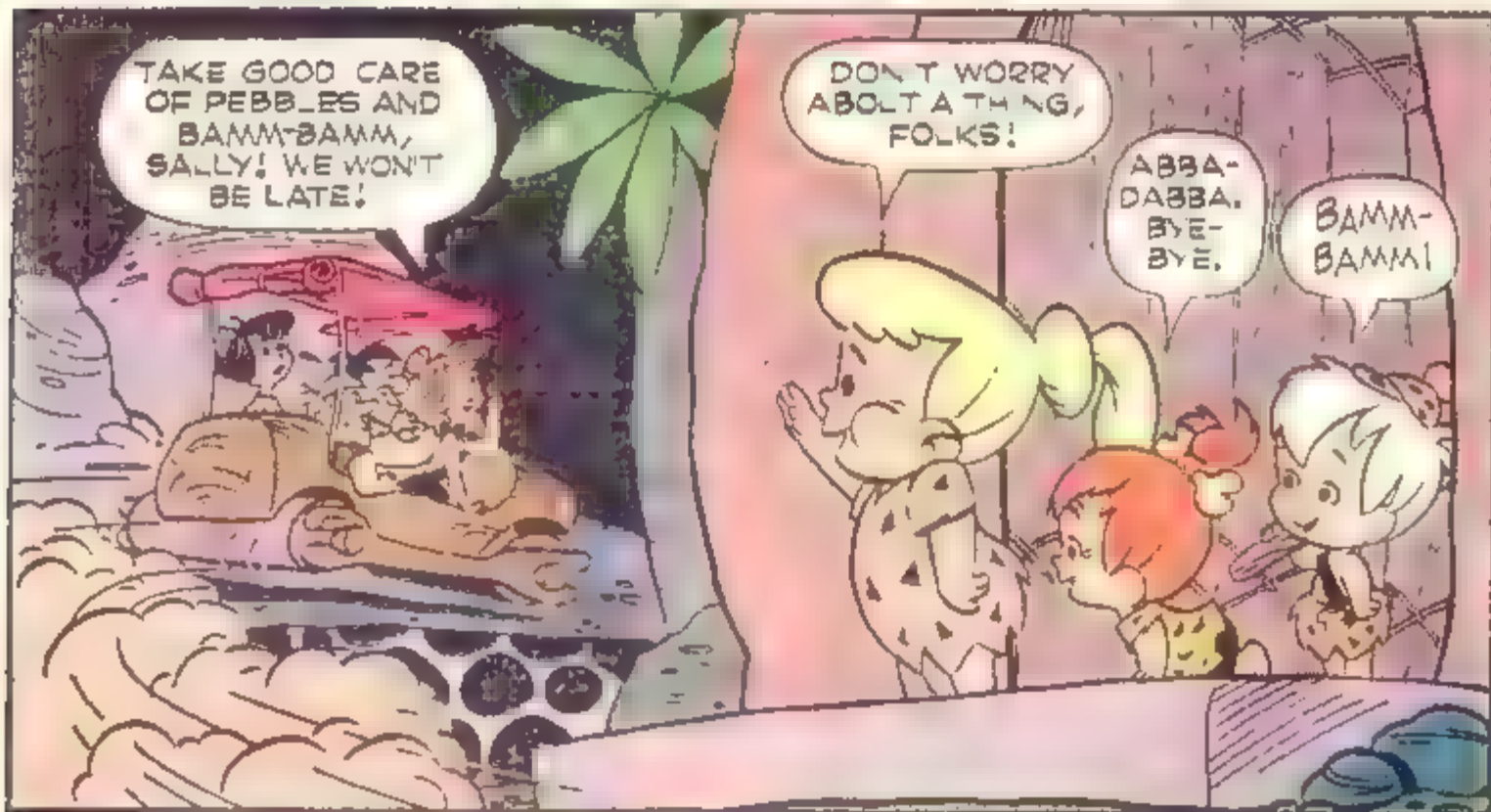
**SPLUNK!**







# PEBBLES and BAMM-BAMM TOTS ON THE TOWN





ABBA-DABBA  
\* ZEE-ZEE!

BAMM-  
BAMM!

\* STORIES LIKE THAT ARE ENOUGH TO  
PUT MOST ANYBODY TO SLEEP

ABBA-DABBA  
\* ZEE-ZEE!

BAMM-BAMM!

\* LET'S FIND OUT WHAT  
NIGHT IS LIKE.

AND SHE...

KOO  
KOO!

Huh?

OH-OH, THE KIDS  
ARE GONE!

KOO  
KOO!

Huh?

THEY'RE NOWHERE IN THE HOUSE,  
THERE'S ONLY ONE SENSIBLE  
THING TO DO...

KOO  
KOO!

Huh?

...AND THAT'S TO SCREAM  
MY HEAD OFF...

EEK! HALP! EEEK!

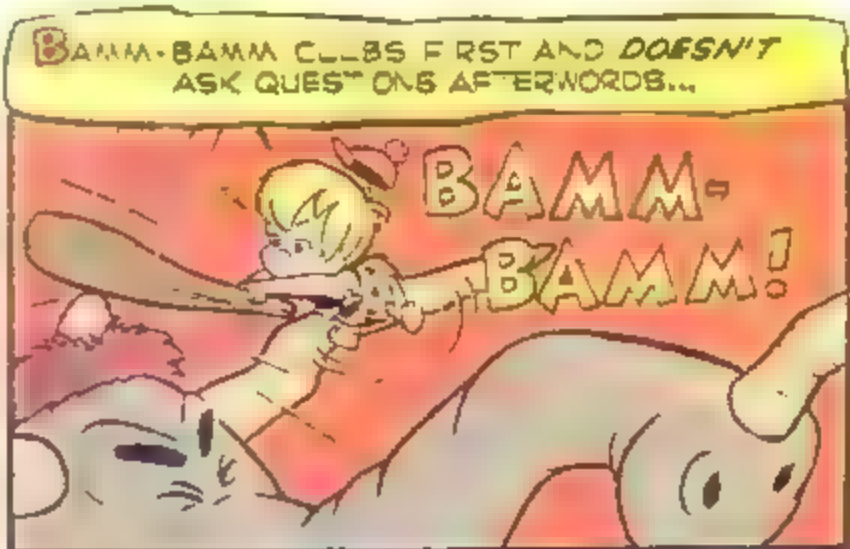
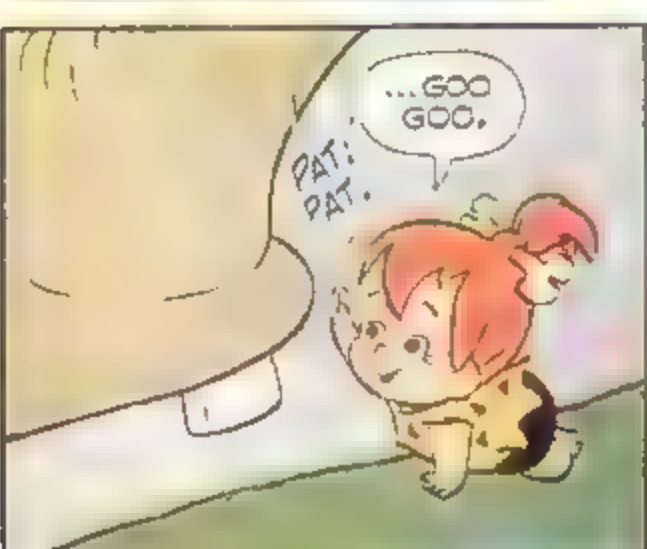
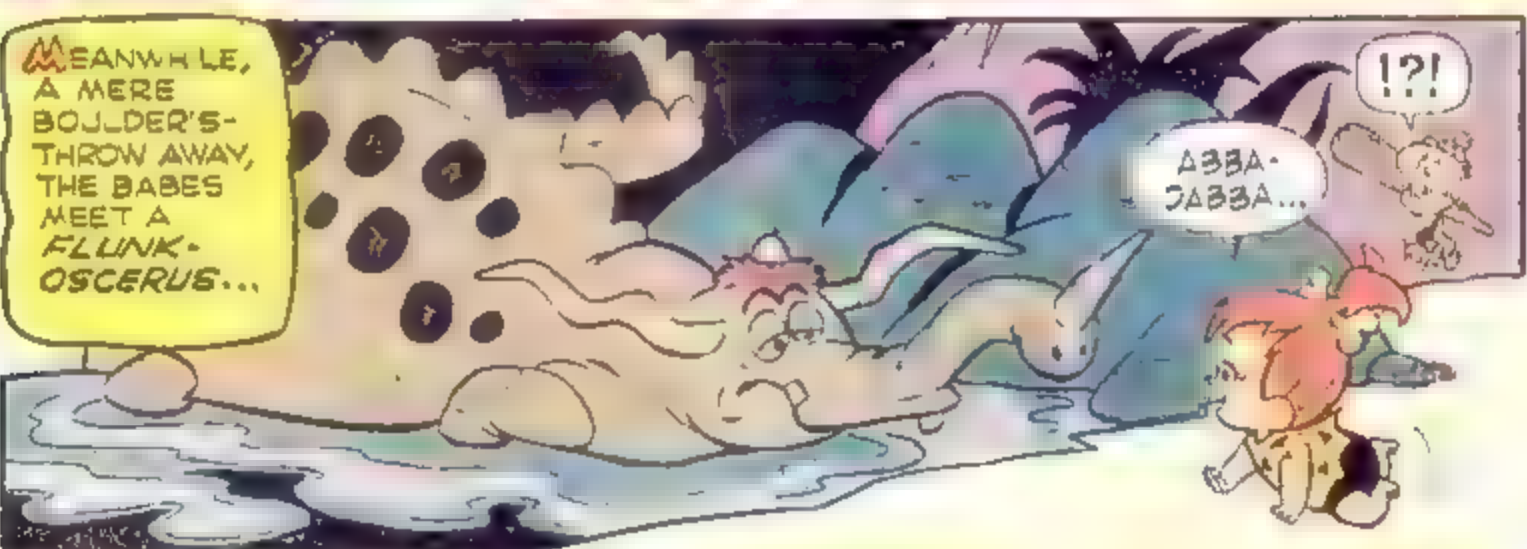
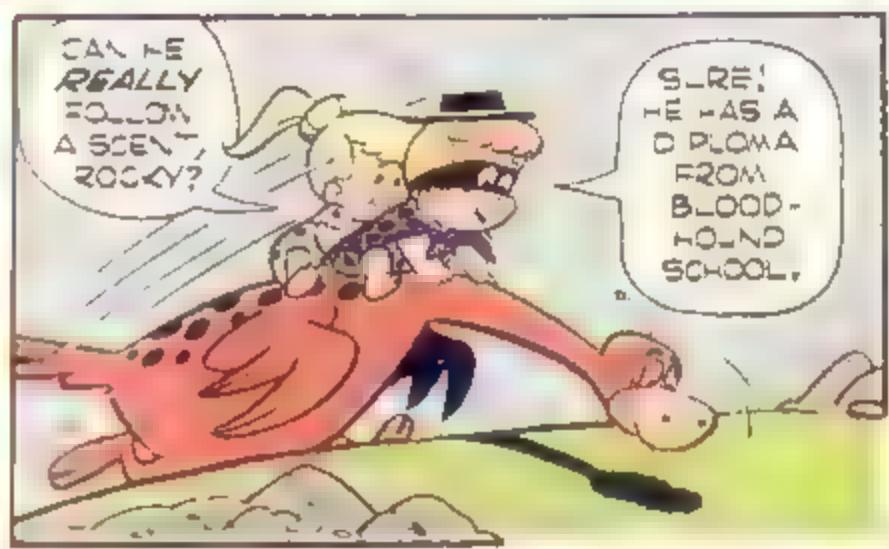
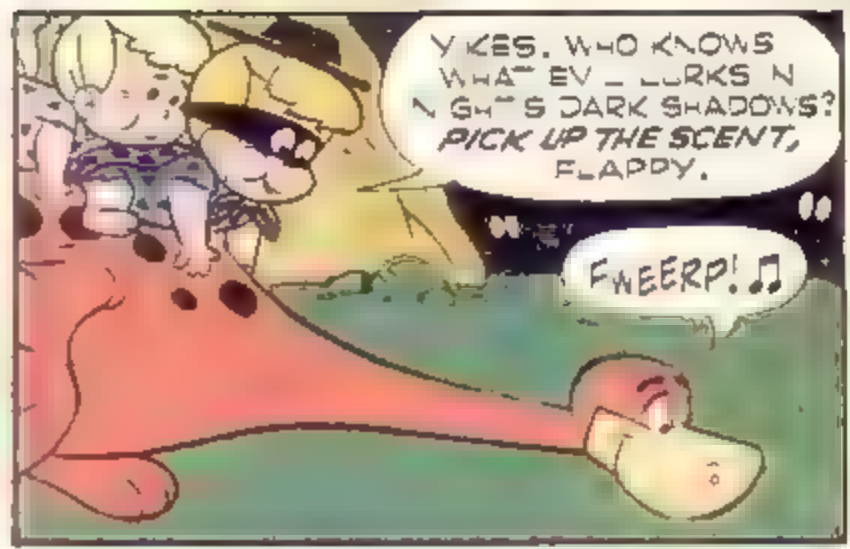
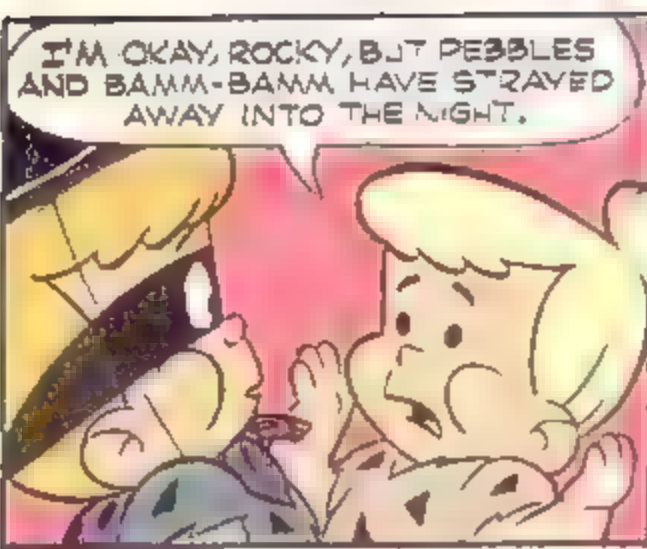
AND  
TRIE TO HIS  
CALLING,  
ROCKY RANGER  
WHIPS INTO  
ACTION ASTRIDE  
FLAPPY, HIS  
NOBLE THOUGH  
THIMBLE-  
BRANED  
STEED...

SWOOP!

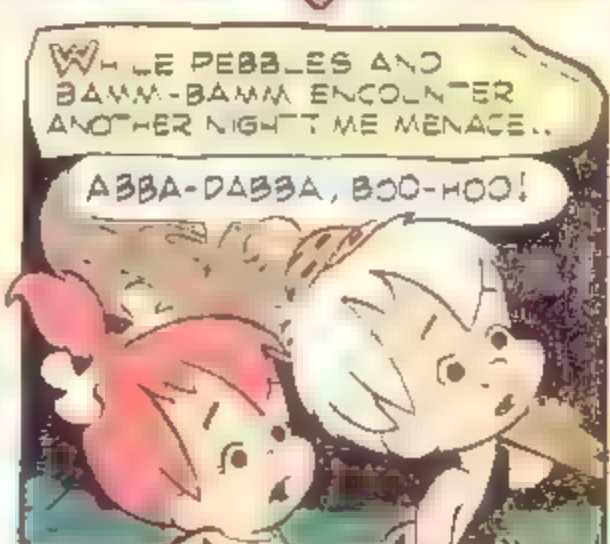
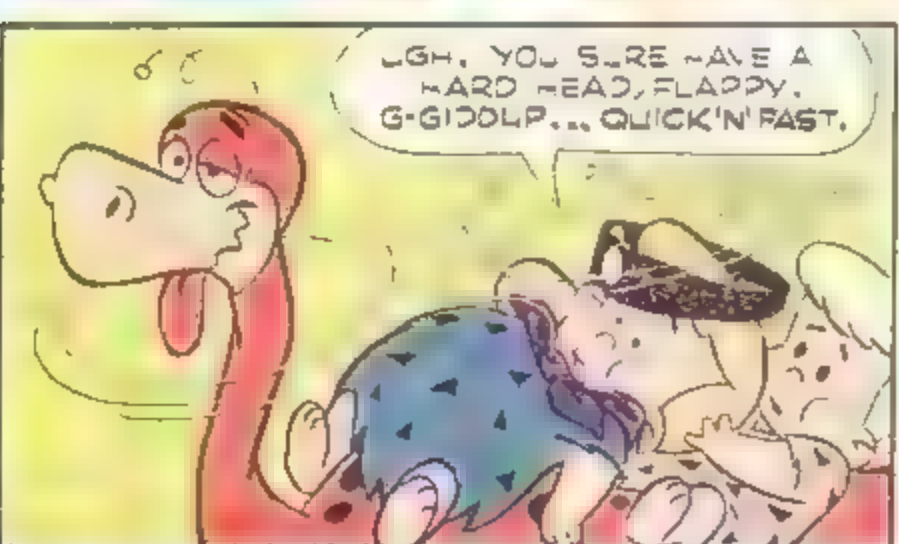
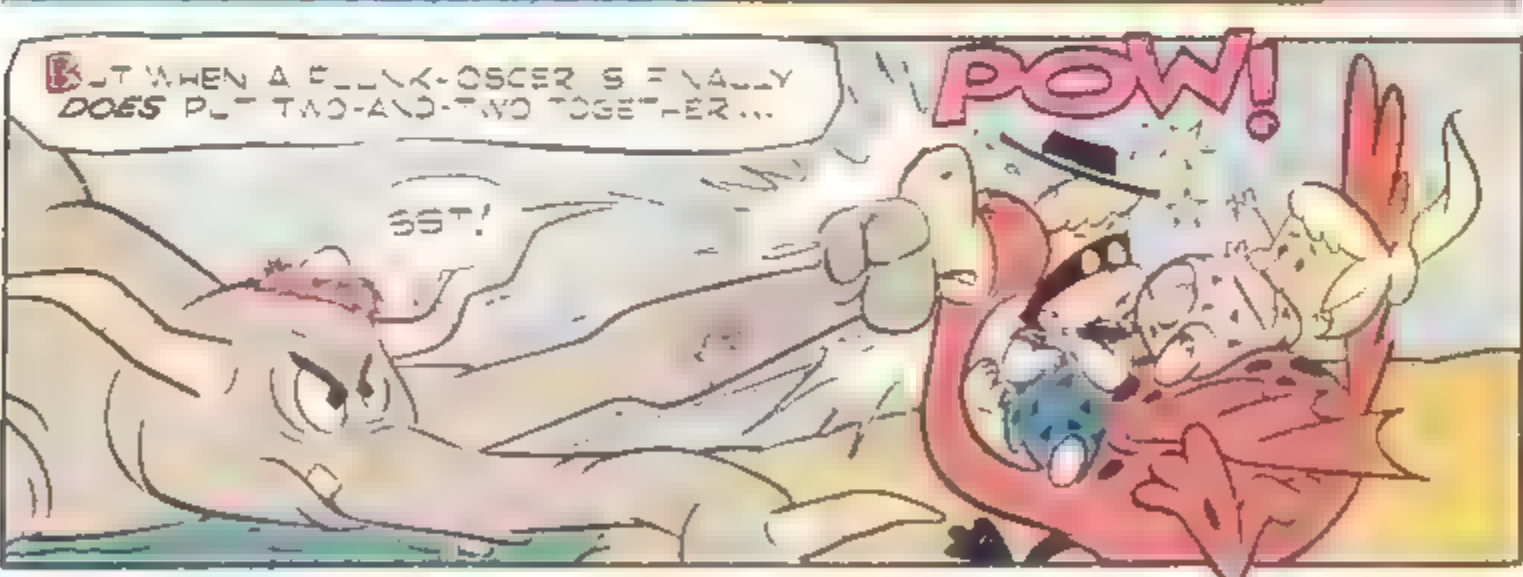
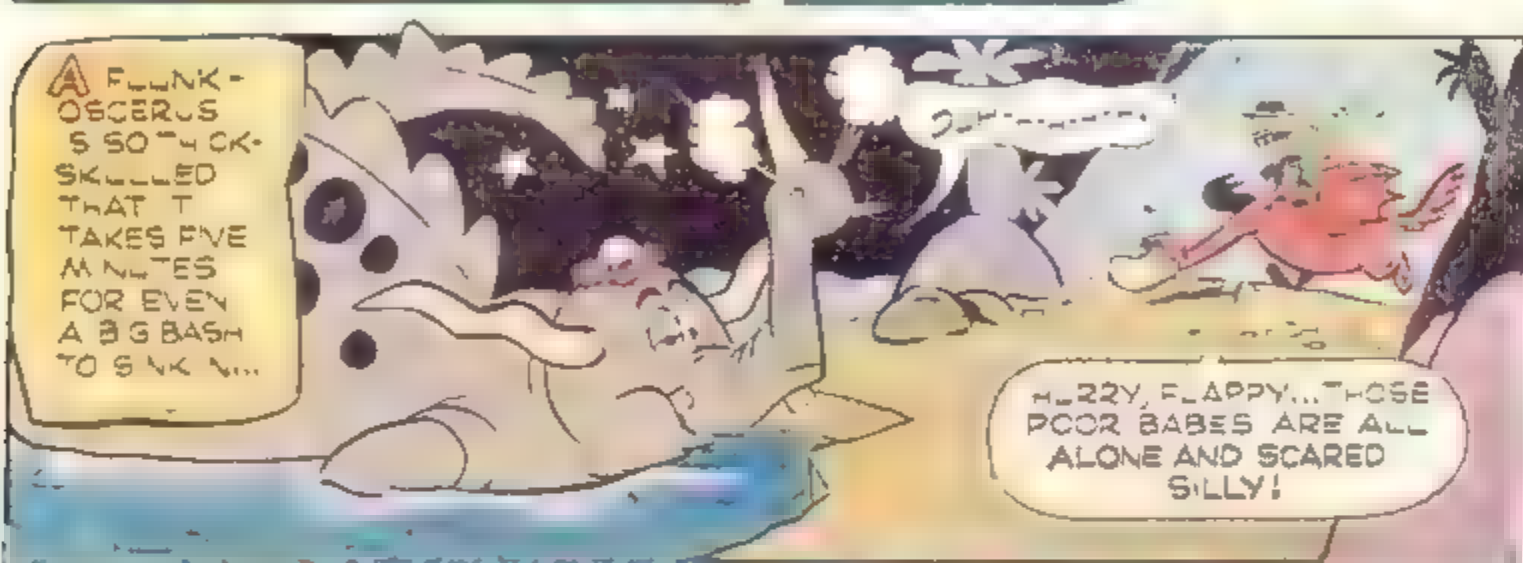
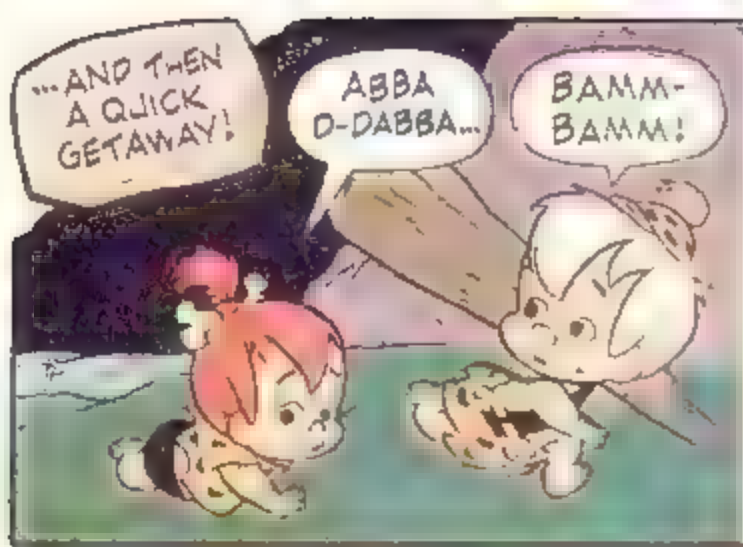
Huh?

SAVED YOU FROM A FOUL  
FATE, MY DEAR G.R.











A NIGHT-GRABBING JUG PLANT IS IN THEIR PATH...

BAMM-BAMM...

BAW-BAW!

ZIP!

THEY ESCAPE BY THE SKIN OF THEIR BABY TEETH...

THEN GLESS WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

YOU GLESSED IT!

EEEK! MY PONY TAIL!

OORK!

OH, MY NOBLE NOSSN, OH,

BONK!

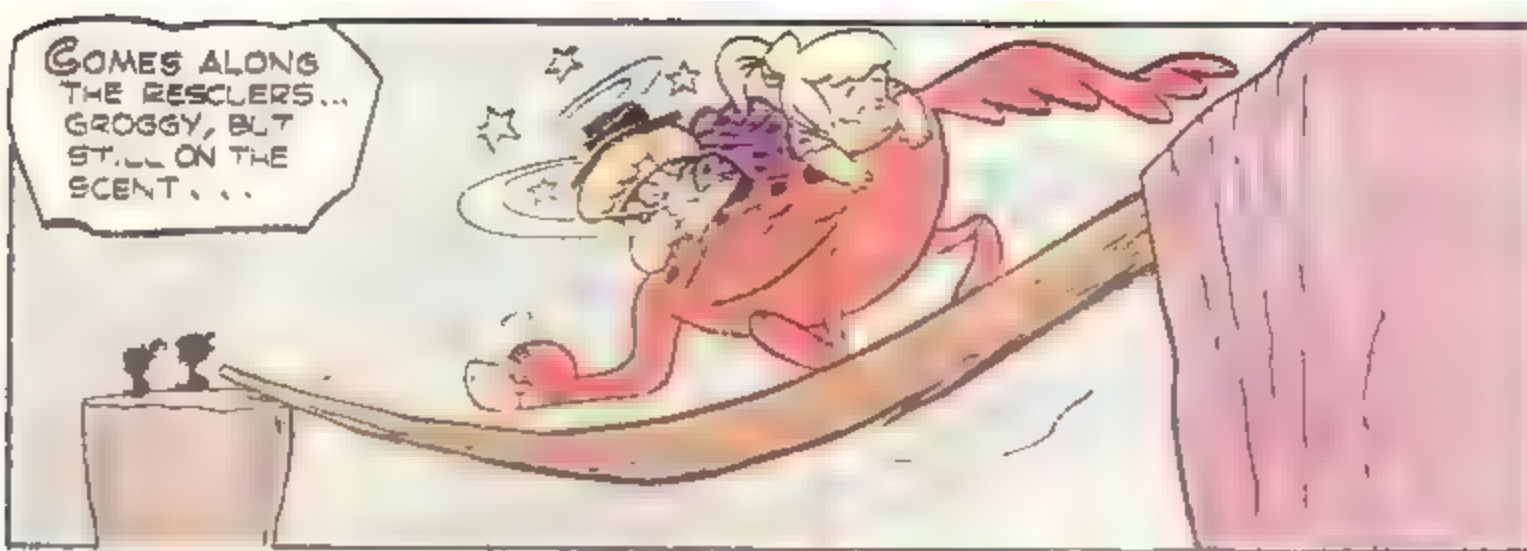
NOW THAT HE'S D SARMED BAMM-BAMM LEADS DEBBLES TO A SAFE PLACE...

...WHERE NEITHER PLANT NOR AN MAL CAN TOUCH THEM...

WHEW..



COMES ALONG  
THE RESCUERS...  
GROGGY, BUT  
STILL ON THE  
SCENT...



CRACK!

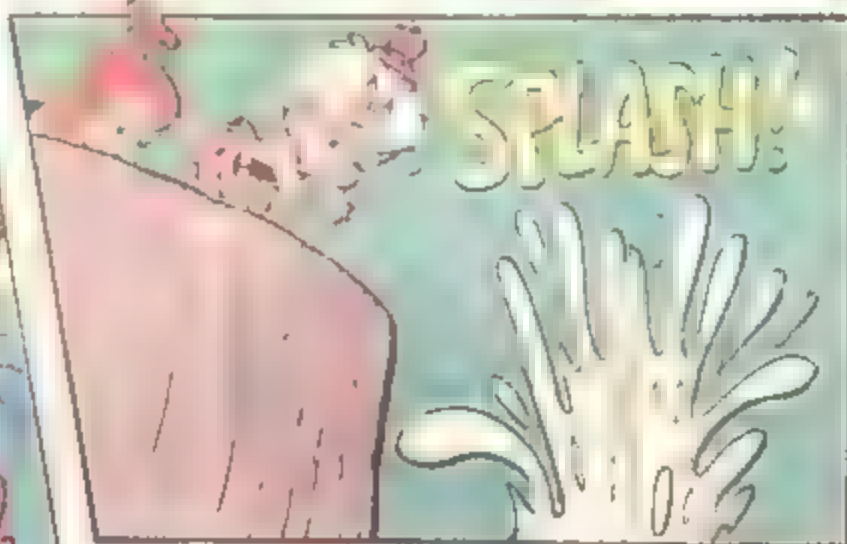
ALL THE BOYS  
GO HEADING FOR  
THE DINO!

EEK!

WEEEK!



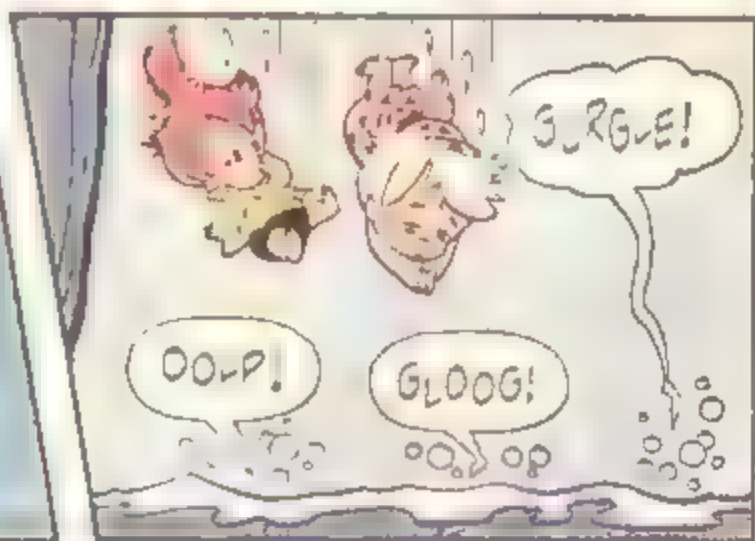
SPLASH!



GURGLE!

DOOP!

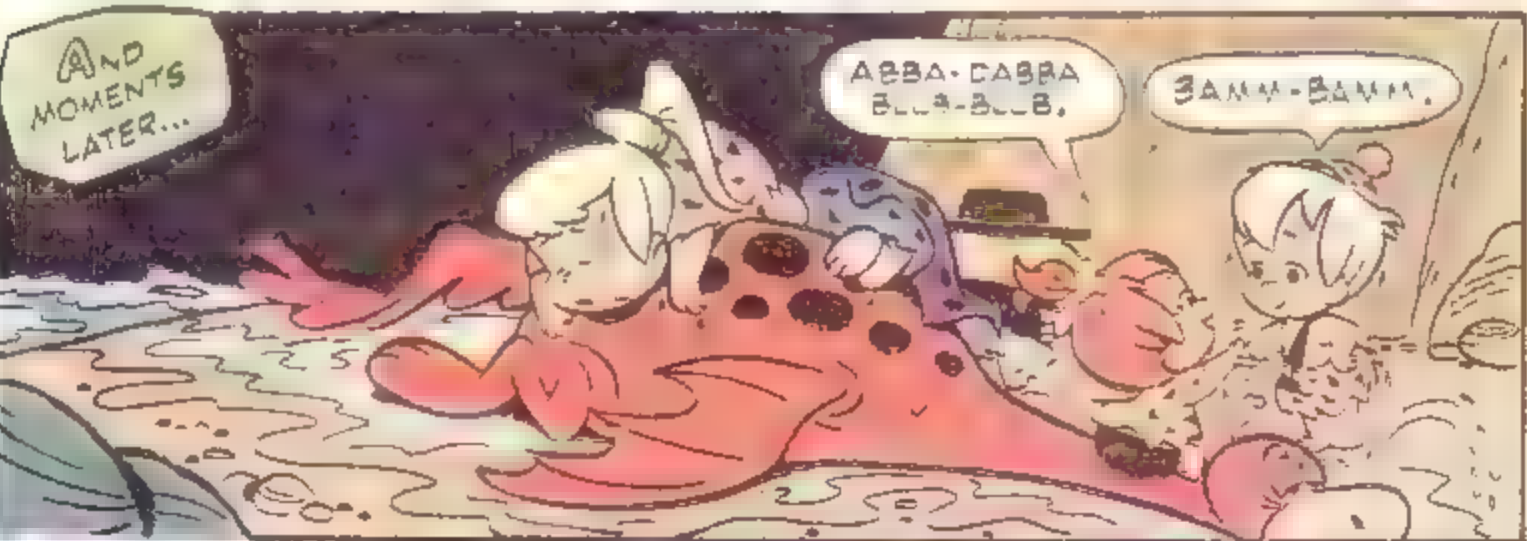
GLOOG!



AND  
MOMENTS  
LATER...

ABBA-CABRA  
BLA-BLA-B.

BAMM-BAMM.



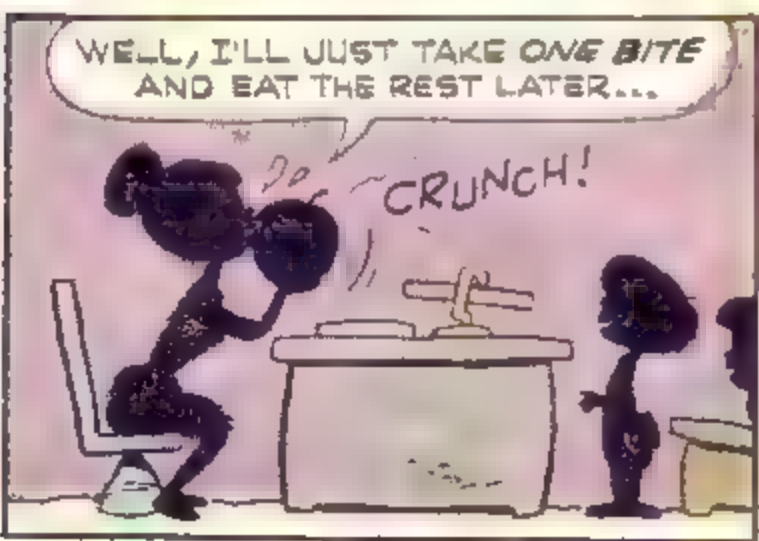
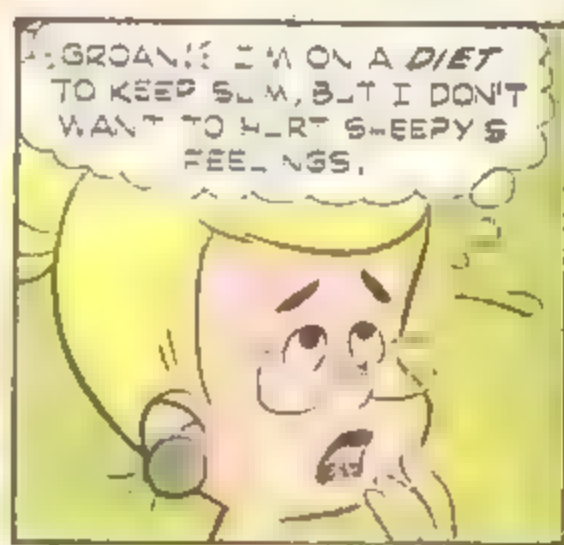
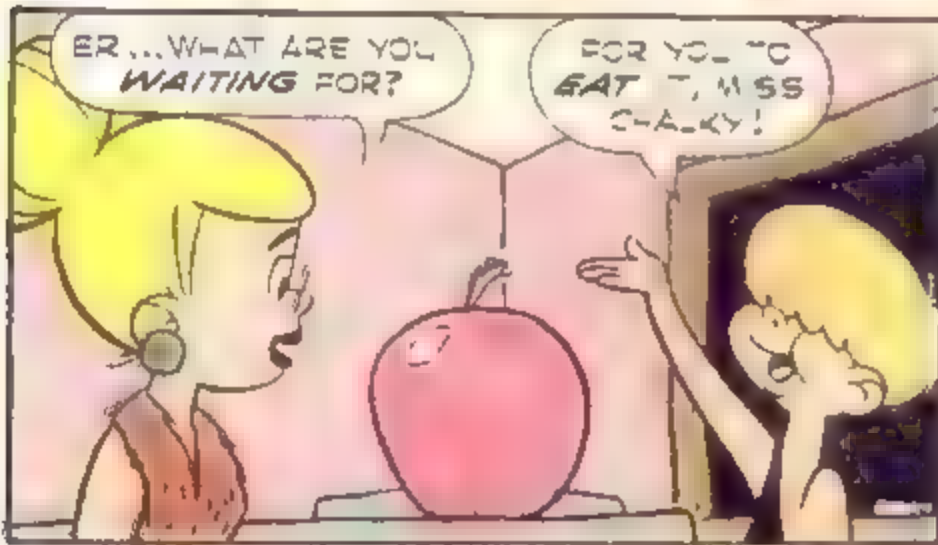
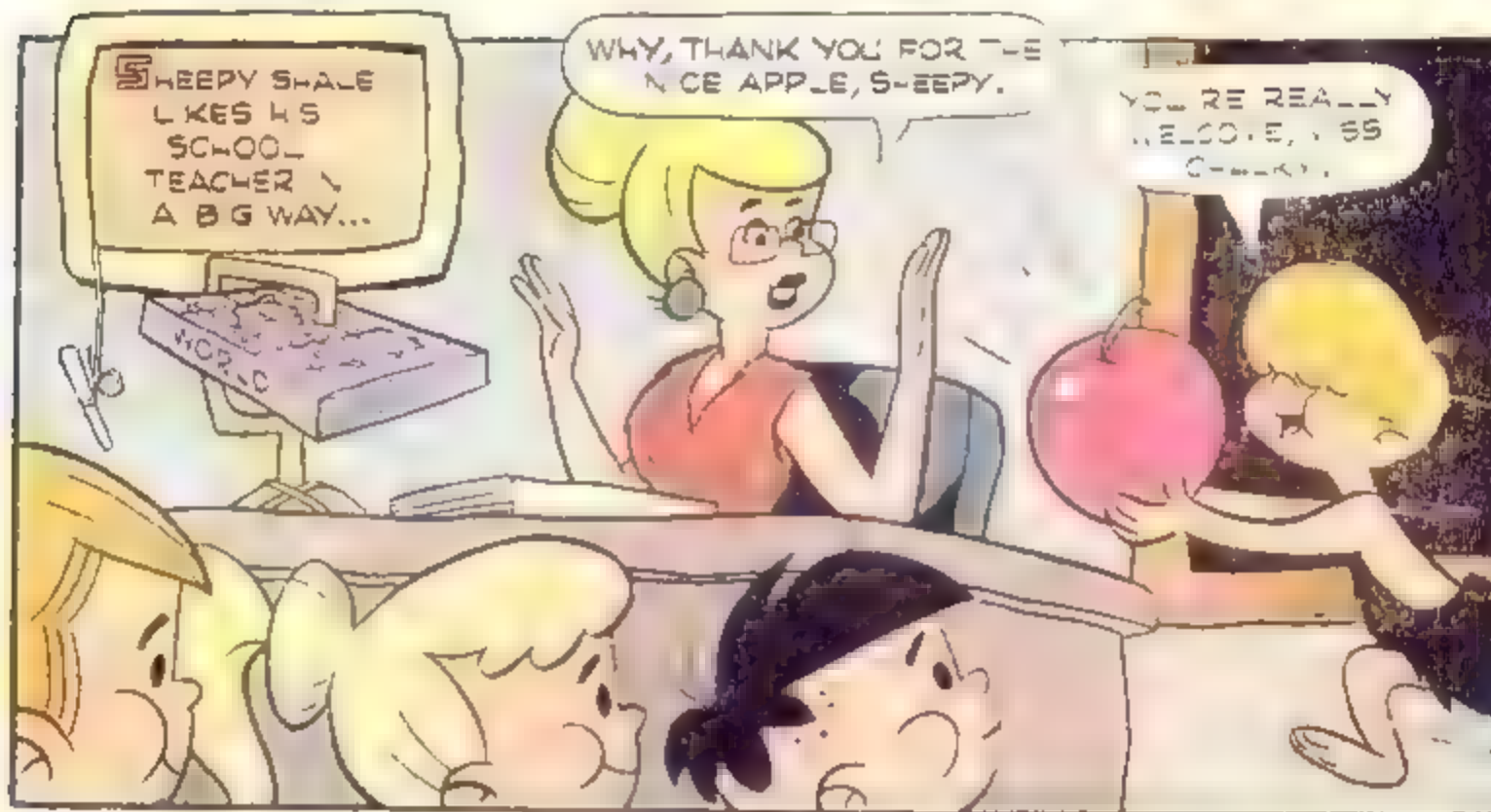








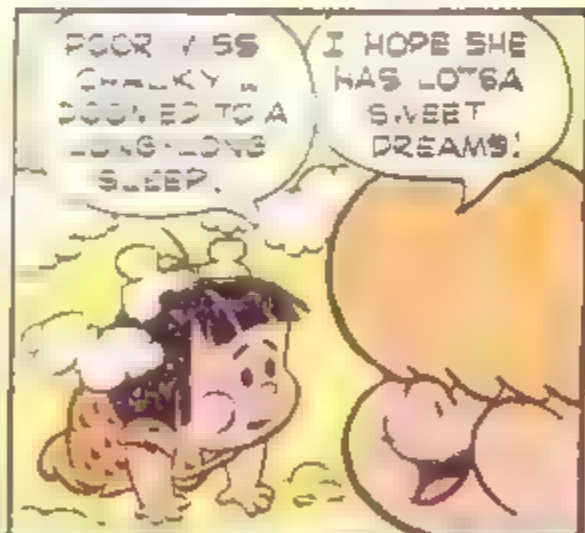
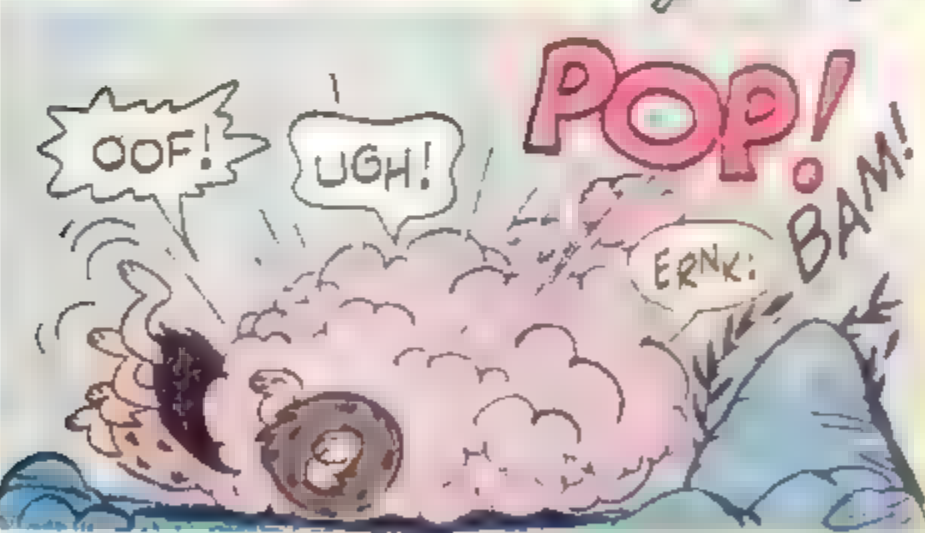
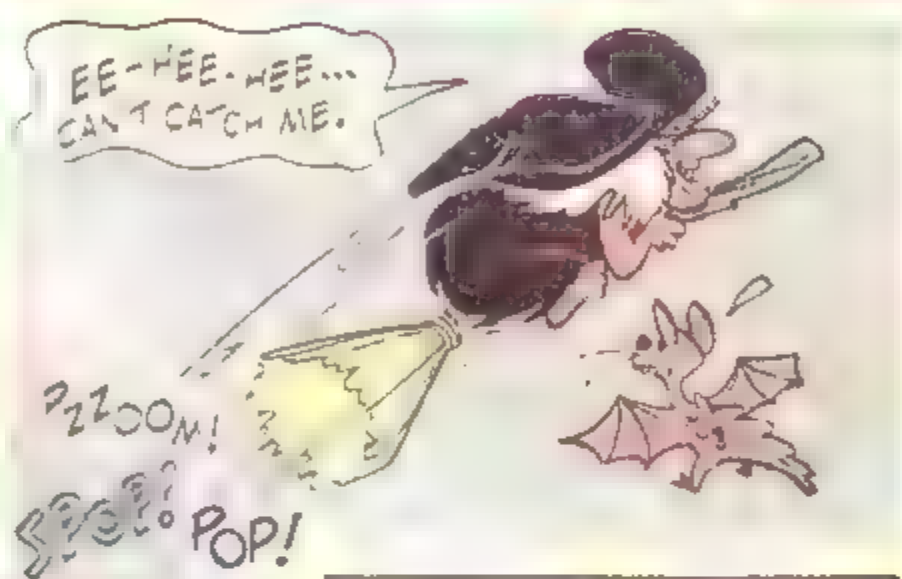
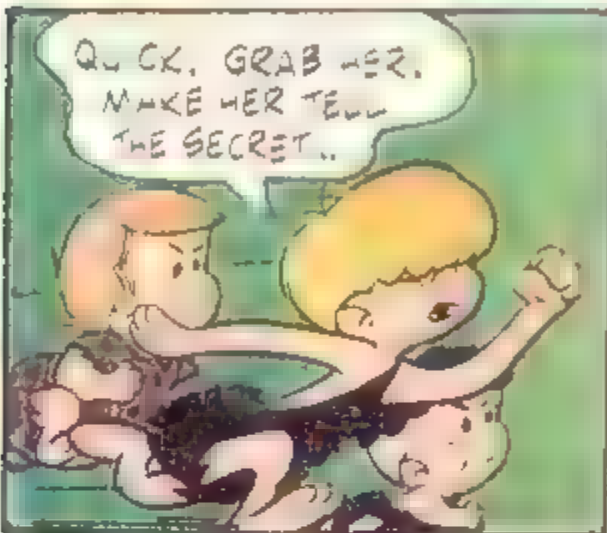
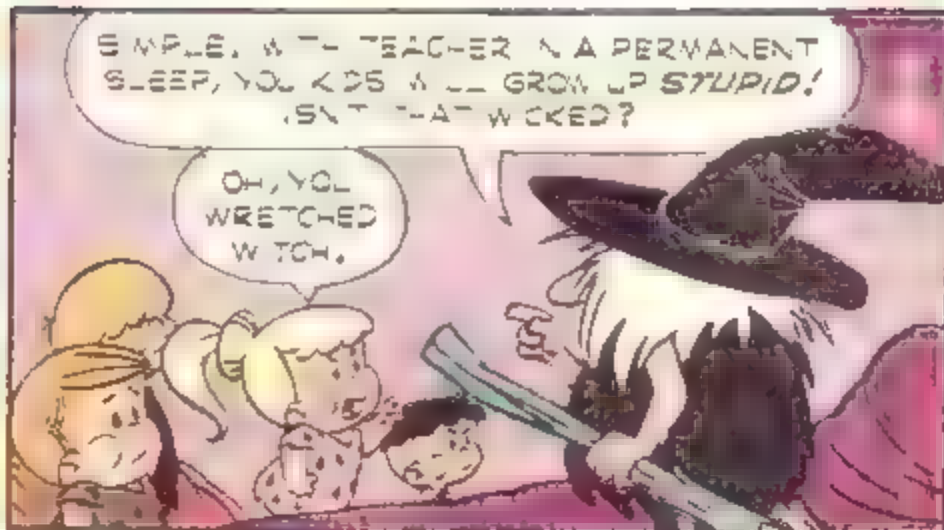
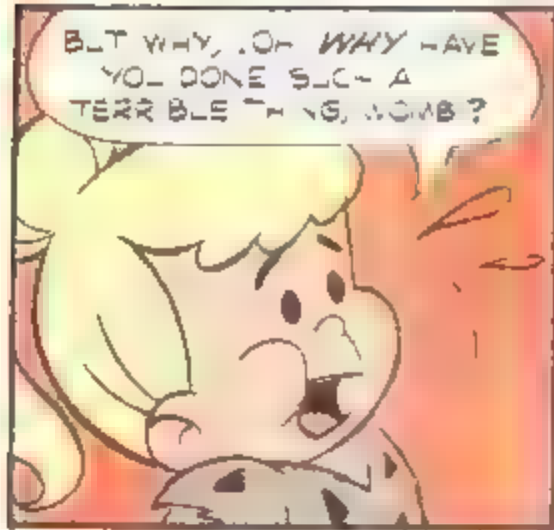
# SHEEPY SHALE THE BEWITCHED APPLE



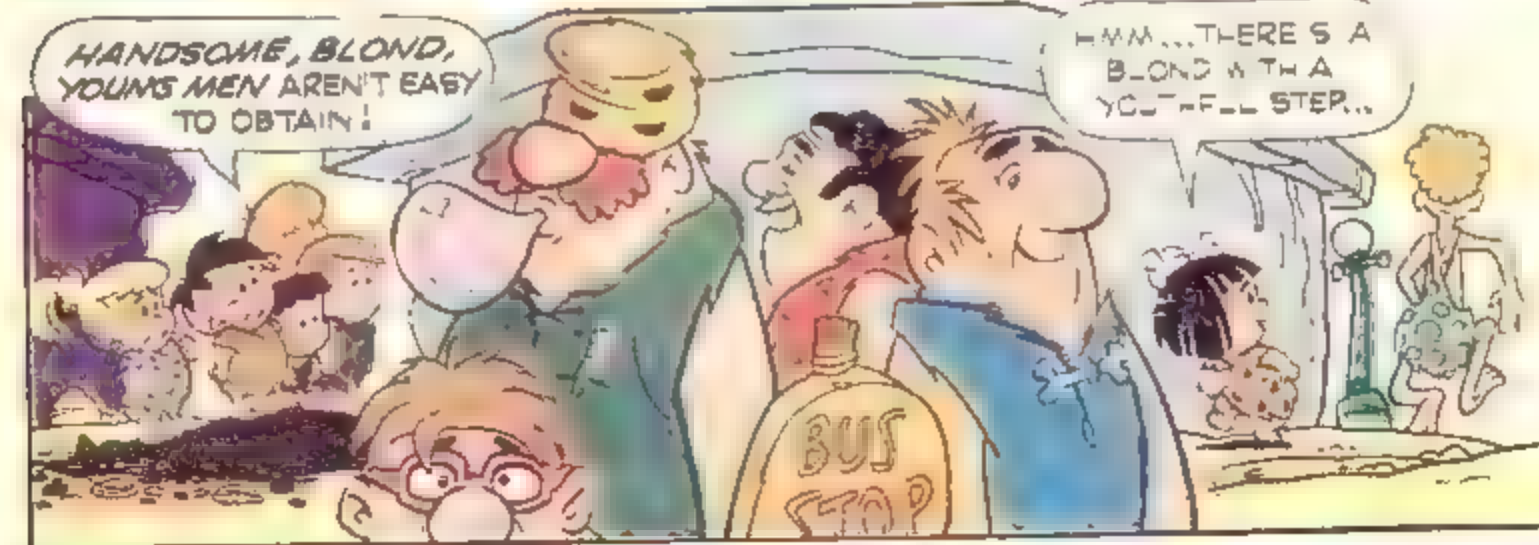
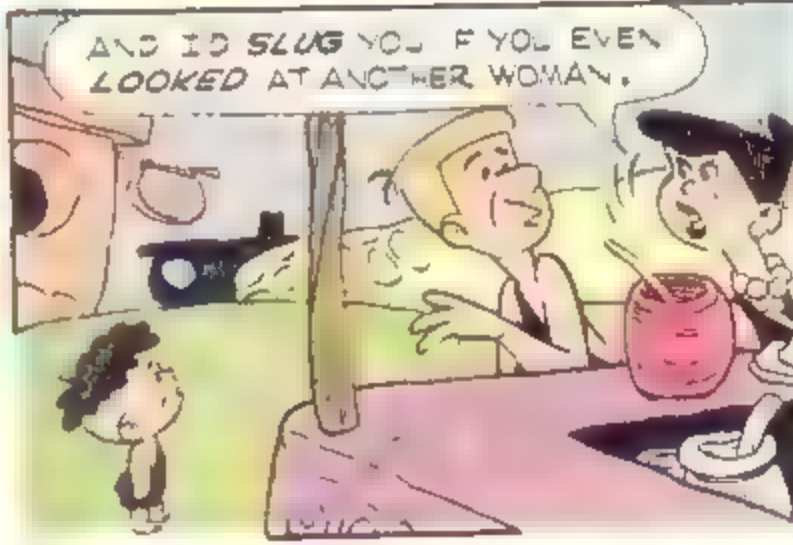
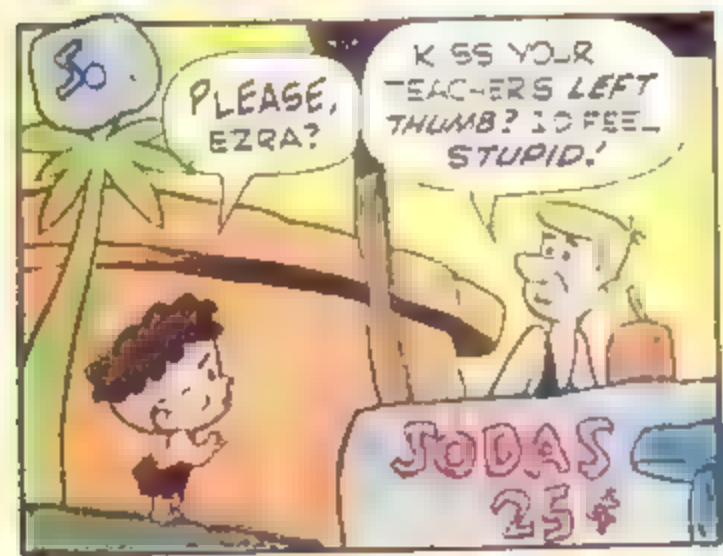
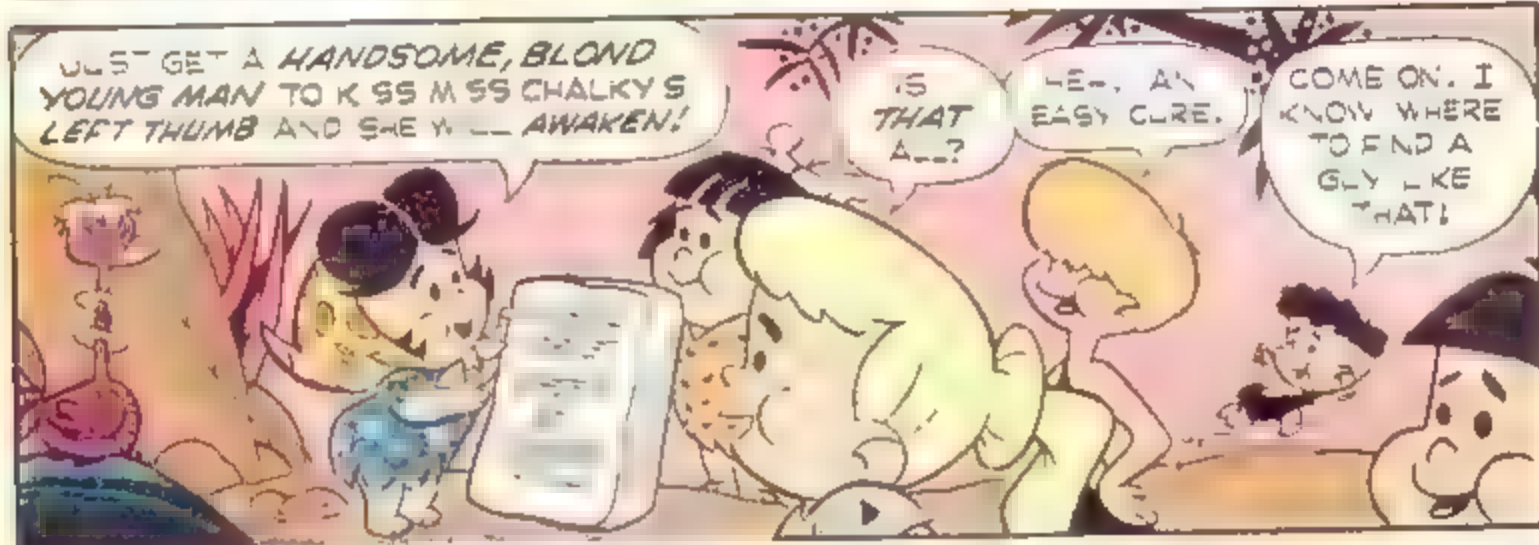
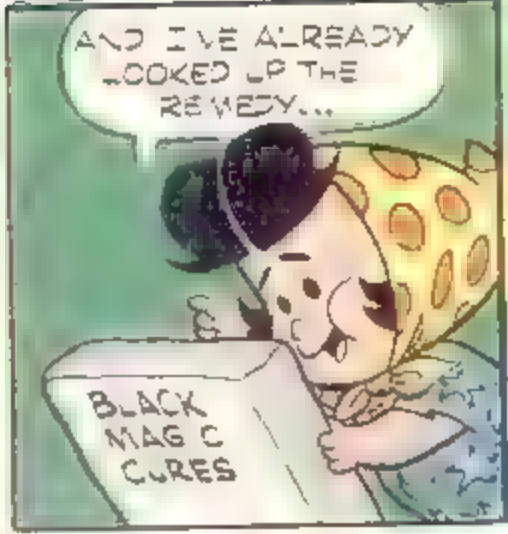
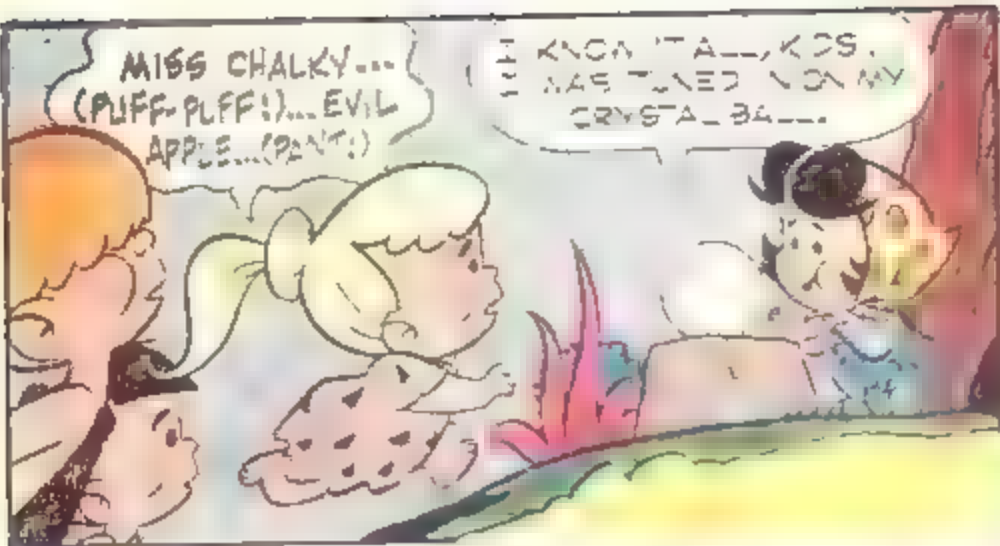




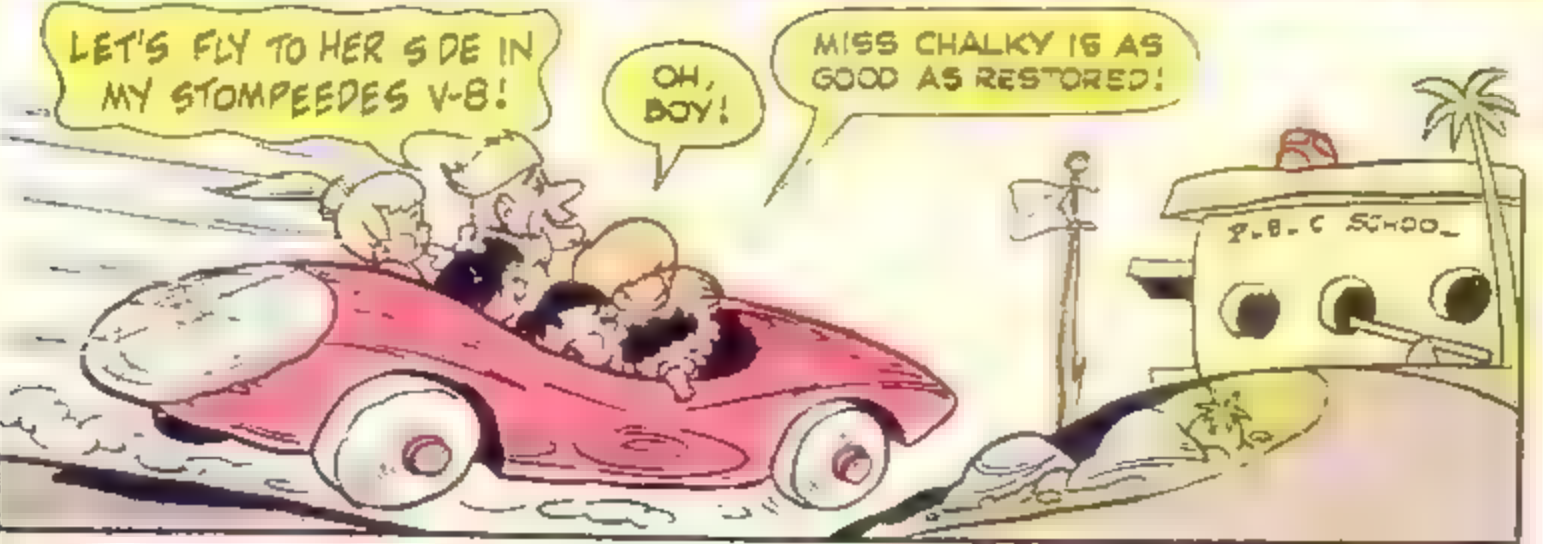
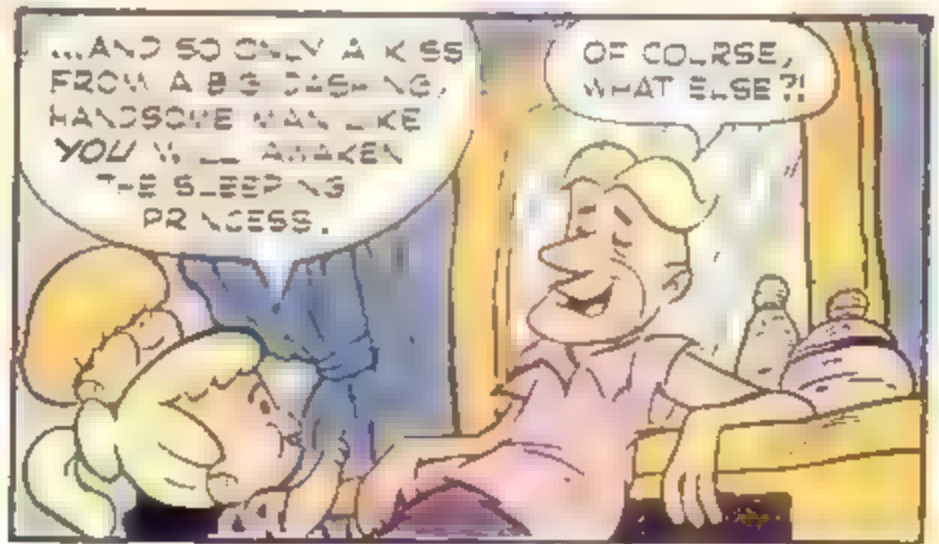
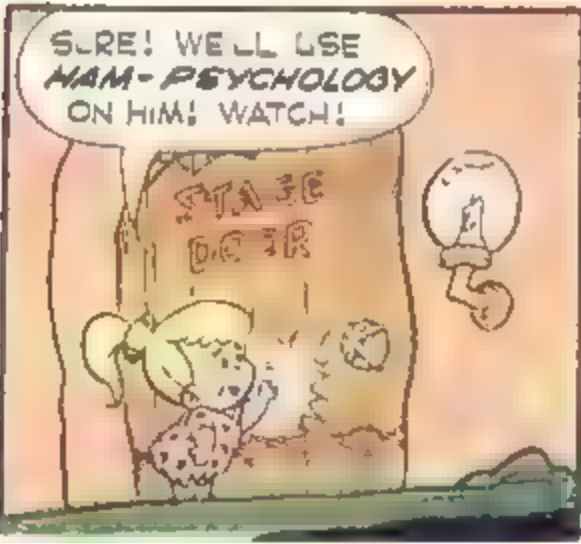
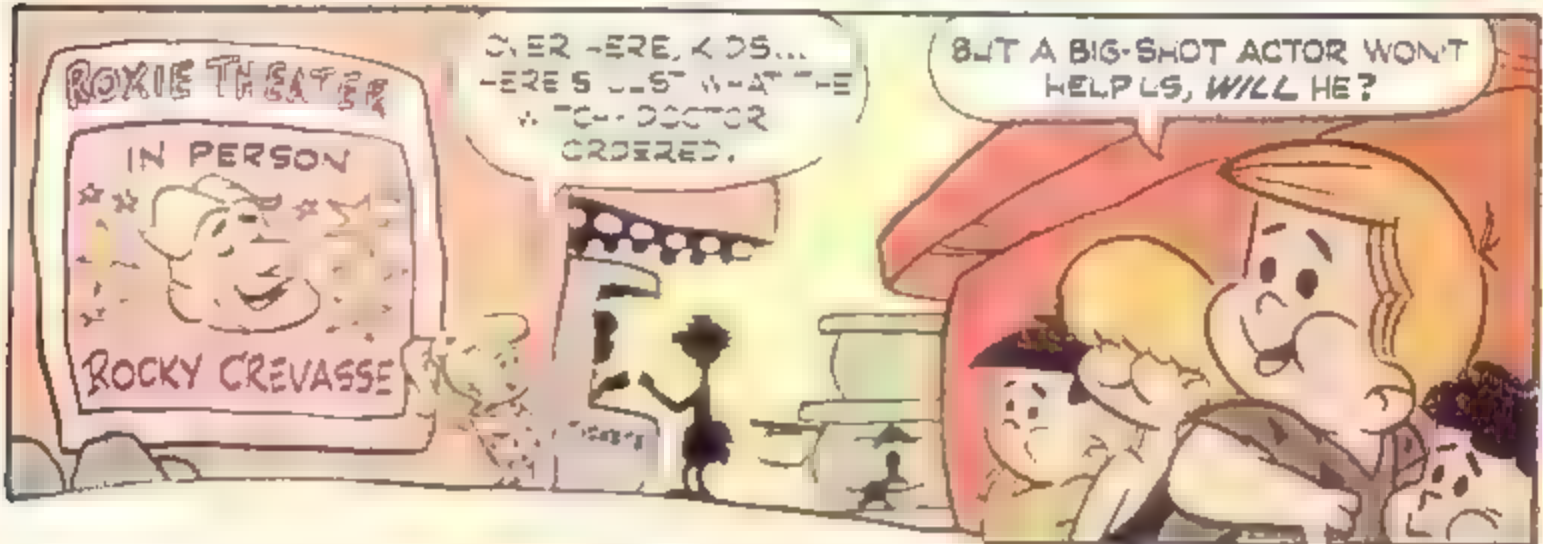
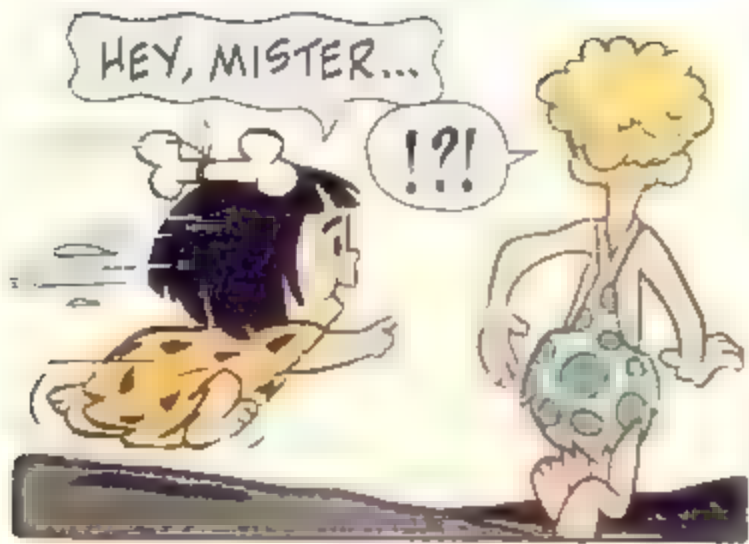








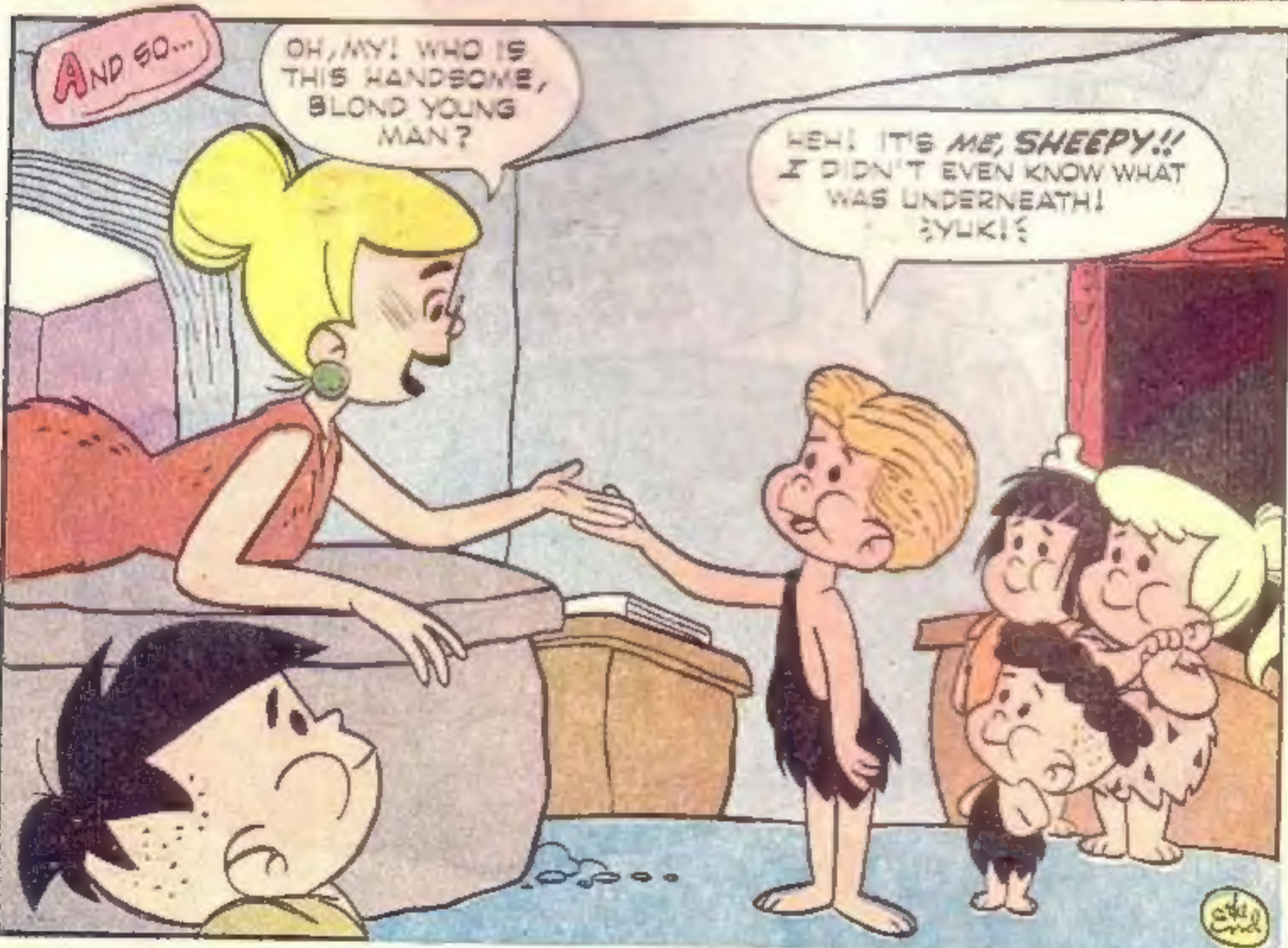














# CAVE KIDS ZOO

## THE SWAMPASAURUS

This is a Swampasaurus  
Who was found in a swamp one day.  
He looks sort of funny  
But is tame as a bunny,  
And that's all there is to say.





Hanna-Barbera

# SMALL STUFF

